



WESTMINSTER *
SABBATH-SCHOOL
HYMNAL

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1884

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WESTMINSTER

SABBATH-SCHOOL HYMNAL

A Collection of Hymns and Tunes

FOR USE IN

SABBATH-SCHOOLS AND SOCIAL MEETINGS

PREPARED BY THE
REV. JOHN W. DULLES, D.D.

AND

MR. THEODORE F. SEWARD



PHILADELPHIA
PRESBYTERIAN BOARD OF PUBLICATION
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INTRODUCTION.

IN response to a pressing demand, as well as to the recommendations of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, the WESTMINSTER SABBATH-SCHOOL HYMNAL is now published by the Presbyterian Board of Publication. It aims to give, as to both hymns and tunes, (1) what our young people can sing; (2) what they will sing; and (3) what they ought to sing. A carefully-made selection from the standard hymns of the Church gives permanent value to the book. Among these invaluable gems of sacred song, preference has been given to those most worthy of being stored in the memory, those most readily grasped by the young and best adapted to hearty singing. Besides these indispensable hymns of the Church, there is given a liberal selection, from the many books published for use in "gospel-meetings" and in the Sabbath-school, of hymns and tunes deservedly favorites. Original pieces of merit, with others from the best modern ecclesiastical music of England and the Continent, complete the collection. It is believed that thus a volume has been prepared sound in its composition, whilst highly attractive and available for the service of song in the Sabbath-school, and also fitted for use in the chapel and in prayer-meeting. To pack as much as possible into the book without unduly increasing its size and cost, hymns are given without the music where the familiar tunes to which they are ordinarily sung are pretty sure to be within easy reach.

The long experience, the good taste and skill, with the Christian sympathy in the work, of the musical editor, Mr. Theodore F. Seward, assure us of excellence in that department of our WESTMINSTER SABBATH-SCHOOL HYMNAL, which is offered to the public with the belief that it will be found truly serviceable, ministering gladness in God's praise and spiritual profiting to those by whom it shall be used. May the blessing of God rest upon all whose devotions it shall guide!

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WESTMINSTER SABBATH-SCHOOL HYMNAL.

1

Lyons.

10s & 11s.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

HAYDN.

1. Ye ser-vants of God, your Mas-ter pro-claim, And publish a-
2. God rul-eth ou high, al-might-y to save; And still he is

broad his won-der-ful name; The name, all-vic-to-ri-ous, of
high-pres-ence we have: The great con-gre-ga-tion his

Je-sus ex-tol; His kingdom is glorious and rules o-ver all.
triumph shall sing, As-crib-ing sal-va-tion to Je-sus, our King.

3 Salvation to God, who sits on the throne!
Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son:
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces and worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore and give him his right,
All glory and power, and wisdom and might,
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, and infinite love.

THEODULPH OF ORLEANS.
Tr. by J. M. NEALE.

Arr. from "Catholic Hymns."

1. Glo - ry and praise and hon - or To thee, Re - deem - er, King!

To whom the lips of chil - dren Made sweet ho - san - nas ring.

REFRAIN.

Glo - ry and praise and hon - or To thee, Re - deem - er, King!

To whom the lips of chil - dren Made sweet ho - san - nas ring.

2 Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou David's royal Son,
Who in the Lord's name comest,
The King and blessed One.

REF.—Glory and praise and honor
To thee, Redeemer, King! etc.

3 Thou didst accept their praises;
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King!

REF.—Glory and praise and honor
To thee, Redeemer, King! etc.

3 Golden Harps are Sounding. 6s & 5s.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

1. Gold-en harps are sounding, An-gel voi-ces sing, Pearly gates are opened—

Opened for the King. Je-sus, King of glo-ry, Je-sus, King of love,

REFRAIN.

Is gone up in tri-umph To his throne above. All his work is end-ed,

Joy-ful-ly we sing: Je-sus hath as-cend-ed! Glo-ry to our King!

2 He who came to save us,
 He who bled and died,
 Now is crowned with glory
 At his Father's side.
 Nevermore to suffer,
 Nevermore to die,
 Jesus, King of glory,
 Has gone up on high.—REF.

3 Praying for his children
 In that blessed place,
 Calling them to glory,
 Sending them his grace,
 His bright home preparing,
 Faithful ones, for you,—
 Jesus ever liveth,
 Ever loveth too.—REF.

RUTH HARMON.

SAMUEL ALMAN.



1. No oth - er name but thine, O Lord, Can save a dy - ing soul, And
 2. Thy name Oh how I love to breathe In soft - ly whispered tone, When



yet to plead that name in faith Would make the vil - est whole.
 in my clos - et, closed and still, I talk with thee a - lone.



CHORUS.



No oth - er name such hope can bring, Or heavenly rest im - part; No



oth - er name such balm can give To soothe a breaking heart.



3 I feel, I know, thou hearest prayer
 And answ'rest my request,
 Bestowing what thy love decides
 The wisest and the best.—CHO.

4 And when I reach thy dear abode,
 And all its joys are mine,
 No other name shall be my song—
 No other name but thine.—CHO.

JOHN FAWCETT.

THEO. F. SEWARD. By per.

1. Praise to thee, thou great Cre - a - tor! Praise be thine from eve-ry tongue;

Join, my soul, with eve - ry creat-ure, Join the u - ni - ver - sal song.

Fath - er, source of all com - pas - sion, Pure, unbound-ed grace is thine;

Hail the God of our sal - va - tion, Praise him for his love di - vine.

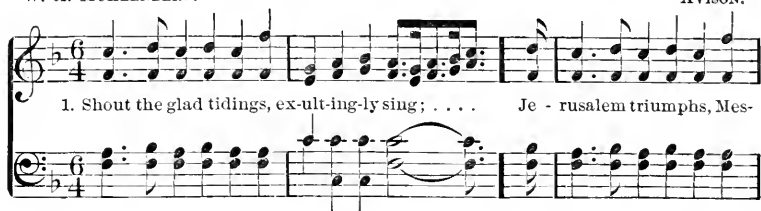
2 For ten thousand blessings given,
 For the hope of future joy,
 Sound his praise thro' earth and heaven,
 Sound Jehovah's praise on high.

Joyfully on earth adore him,
 Till in heaven our song we raise;
 Then, enraptured, fall before him,
 Lost in wonder, love and praise.

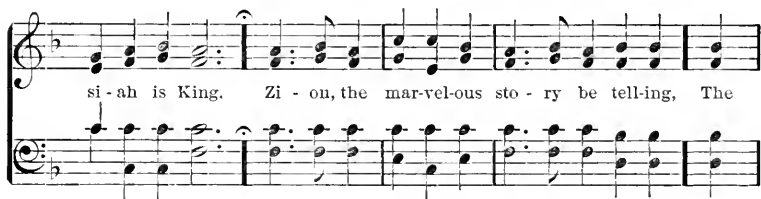
6 Shout the Glad Tidings.

W. A. MUHLENBERG.

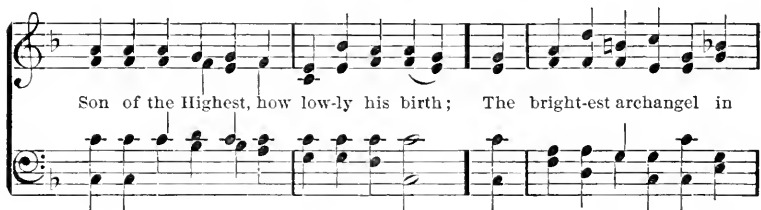
AVISON.



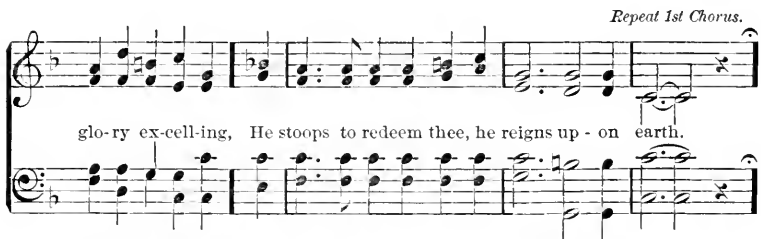
1. Shout the glad tidings, ex-ult-ing-ly sing; . . . Je - rusalem triumphs, Mes-



si - ah is King. Zi - on, the mar-vel-ous sto - ry be tell-ing, The

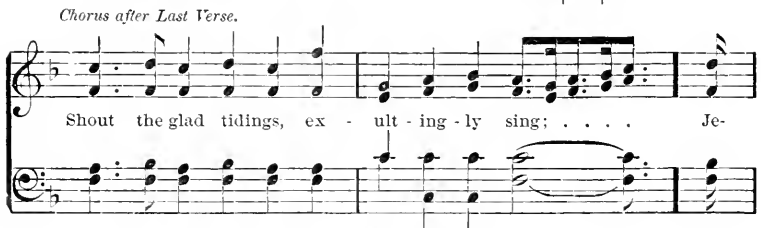


Son of the Highest, how low-ly his birth; The bright-est archangel in



glo-ry ex-cell-ing, He stoops to redeem thee, he reigns up - on earth.

Repeat 1st Chorus.



Chorus after Last Verse.
Shout the glad tidings, ex - ult - ing - ly sing; . . . Je-

Shout the Glad Tidings.—Concluded.

ru-sa-lem triumphs, Messiah is King, Mes-si-ah is King, Mes-si-ah is King.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Tell how he cometh; from nation to nation,
The heart-cheering news let the earth echo round;
How free to the faithful he offers salvation!
How his people with joy everlasting are crowned!
CHO.—Shout the glad tidings, etc.</p> | <p>3 Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing,
And sweet let the gladsome hosanna arise;
Ye angels, the full hallelujah be singing;
One chorus resound through the earth and the skies.
FINAL CHO.—Shout the glad, etc.</p> |
|--|--|

C CORONATION. C. M.

- 1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem
And crown him Lord of all!
- 2 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all!
- 3 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all!
- 4 Oh that, with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all!

Edward Perronet.

S MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.

- 1 AROUND the Saviour's lofty throne,
Ten thousand times ten thousand sing;
They worship him as God alone,
And crown him—everlasting King.
- 2 Approach, ye saints! this God is yours;
'Tis Jesus fills the throne above:
Ye cannot want while God endures;
Ye cannot fail while God is love.
- 3 Jesus, thou everlasting King!
To thee the praise of heaven belongs;
Yet smile on us, who fain would bring
The tribute of our humble songs.
- 4 Though sin defile our worship here,
We hope ere long thy face to view;
And when our souls in heaven appear,
We'll praise thy name as angels do.

Thomas Kelly.

Worthy the Lamb.

H. L. HASTINGS.

SAMUEL ALMAN.

1. Hark! from the mansions of glory the song, "Worthy the Lamb that was slain!"

Thousands of angels the anthem prolong, Worthy the Lamb that was slain!

Loud as the thunder's re-echoing roar, Loud as the billows that dash on the shore,

Sweet as the notes which the glad harpers pour, Worthy the Lamb that was slain!

2 We here on earth would assist in the strain,
Worthy the Lamb that was slain!
We would take up the glad anthem again,
Worthy the Lamb that was slain!
He hath redeemed us from sin and from woe,
Taught us his mercy and glory to know:
Ever his rapturous praise we would show,
Worthy the Lamb that was slain!

3 Soon shall we shout by the side of the King,
Worthy the Lamb that was slain!
Soon with the angels his praise we shall sing,
Worthy the Lamb that was slain!
Soon in his glory and pow'r he shall come,
Soon shall he gather his ransomed ones home;
Then shall we shout, as we sit on his throne,
"Worthy the Lamb that was slain!"

GODFREY THRING.

HAYDN.

1. Saviour, blessed Saviour, Listen whilst we sing, Hearts and voices raising

Praises to our King. All we have we of - fer, All we hope to be,

CHORUS.

Bo - dy, soul and spir - it, All we yield to thee. Saviour, blessed Sa - viour,

Listen whilst we sing, Hearts and voices rais - ing Prais - es to our King.

2 Nearer, ever nearer,
Christ, we draw to thee,
Deep in adoration
Bending low the knee:
Thou for our redemption
Cam'st on earth to die;
Thou, that we might follow,
Hast gone up on high.—CHO.

3 Great and ever greater
Are thy mercies here,
True and everlasting
Are the glories there,
Where no pain or sorrow,
Toil or care, is known,
Where the angel-legions
Circle round thy throne.—CHO.

THOMAS KELLY.

THEO. F. SEWARD. By per.

1. Hark! the notes of an-gels sing - ing, "Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb!"

All in heav'n their tribute bring-ing, Prais-ing high the Saviour's name.

See! the angelic hosts have crowned him; Je - sus fills the throne on high;

Countless myriads, hovering round him, With his prais - es rend the sky.

2 Filled with holy emulation,
Let us vie with those above;
Sweet the theme—a free salvation,
Fruit of everlasting love.

Endless life in him possessing,
Let us praise his precious name;
Glory, honor, power and blessing,
Be for ever to the Lamb.

F. J. CROSBY.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

1. God of e - ter - nal truth, Joy - ful we praise thee; Thou hast delivered us,

Thou art our King; Oh, let the anthem roll Sweetly on, from pole to pole,

CHORUS.
Till every living soul Praise to thee shall sing. Zi - on, thy King behold!

Rise in thy beauty; Sing! for the night is past; Thy light has come.

2 Through thy victorious arm
Thy foes are captive;
Death and the hosts of sin
Conquered for aye;
Now on thy Father's throne,
Risen Saviour, God alone,
Earth shall thy sceptre own,
Thy unbounded sway.—CHO.

3 Swell your triumphant songs,
Angels in glory!
There let your golden harps
Ring evermore;
From Eden's lovely plain,
Where immortal pleasures reign,
Hail Him who lives again,
Praise him and adore.—CHO.

13 Come, let us Join our Cheerful Songs. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

I. C. PIERSON.

1. Come, let us join our cheer - ful songs With angels round the throne ; Ten

thousand thousand are their tongues, But all their joys are one.

CHORUS.

Let us join angels' songs While they sing round the throne ;
 Let us join angels' songs While they sing round the throne ;

thousand thousand are their tongues, But all their joys are one.
 throne ; Ten thousand thousand are their tongues, But all their joys are one.
 round the throne ;

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
 "To be exalted thus ;"
 "Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
 "For he was slain for us."
 CHO.—Let us join, etc.

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
 Honor and power divine ;
 And blessings more than we can give
 Be, Lord, for ever thine.
 CHO.—Let us join, etc.

REGINALD HEBER.

JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al - might - y!
2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! all the saints a - dore thee,

Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to thee;
Cast - ing down their golden crowns a - round the glass - y sea;

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ei - ful and might - y,
Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim fall - ing down be - fore thee,

God in three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!
Which wert, and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.

- 3 Holy, holy, holy, though the darkness
hide thee,
Though the eye of sinful man thy
glory may not see; [side thee,
Only thou art holy; there is none be-
Perfect in power, in love and purity.
- 4 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
All thy works shall praise thy name,
in earth, and sky and sea;
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,
God in Three Persons, blessed Trin-
ity!

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. To God be the glo-ry ! great things he hath done : So loved he the

world that he gave us his Son, Who yield-ed his life an a - tonement for sin,
D. S. Oh, come to the Fa-ther thro' Je-sus the Son,

FINE. REFRAIN.

And opened the life-gate that all may go in. Praise the Lord, praise the Lord,
And give him the glory ; great things he hath done.

D.S.

Let the earth hear his voice ; Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Let the people rejoice.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Oh, perfect redemption, the purchase
of blood,
To every believer the promise of
God ;
The vilest offender who truly be-
lieves,
That moment from Jesus a pardon re-
ceives.—REF.</p> | <p>3 Great things he hath taught us, great
things he hath done,
And great our rejoicings through Jesus
the Son ;
But purer and higher and greater will
be
Our wonder, our transport, when Jesus
we see.—REF.</p> |
|---|--|

MARY A. LATHBURY.

M. L. BARTLETT.

1. The Lord is in his ho - ly temple; Wide as the world its port - als

stand, Togeth - er home his ho - ly people, From every age, from eve - ry land.

CHORUS.

Awake, and sing the song of triumph, O ransomed of the Lord, awake! Come throug^h _{his}

gates with glad thanksgiv - ing, While earth and heav'n their silence break.

2 His star of promise shines above thee,
And lights thee to his temple gates;
And then, to greet thy glad home-coming,
The King of heaven in patience waits.—CHO.

2

3 Come home, come home! The Father calls thee,
And Christ the Shepherd bids thee come;
The tender lambs his arm shall gather,
His love their light, his heart their home.—CHO.

17

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Sing a - loud, sing a - loud! Sing to the praise of Christ our Lord;

Sing a - loud, sing a - loud! Sing ye the triumph of his word.

Praise the Lord, praise the Lord! Now let the earth his love pro - claim.

Praise the Lord, praise the Lord! Come, with a song a - dore his name.

Sing a - loud, sing a - loud! Sing to the praise of Christ our Lord.

Sing Aloud.—Concluded.

rit.

Sing aloud, sing aloud! Sing ye the triumph of his word. *A - men.

All our days he like a shepherd feed-eth us;

All our days he like a shepherd,

With his hand how ten-der-ly he lead-eth us!

With his hand how ten-der-ly,

Where cool streams the peace-ful vale are glid-ing through

Where cool streams the peaceful vale,

We shall dwell, shall dwell for ev-er-more, more.

1. 2. D. S.

* To be sung only after the repeat.

E. F. HATFIELD, D. D.

Arr. from DONIZETTI, by L. W. BACON, D. D.

1. Hal - le - lu - jah, praise the Lord! Sing Mes - si - ah's glo - ry;

Heaven and earth, with one accord, Shout the wondrous sto - ry;

Praise him for his mighty deeds; Praise ye Him whose grace exceeds


All that heaven in song concedes; Worlds of bliss, his praise re - cord.

2 Praise him with the trumpet's tongue,
Far and wide resounding;
Praise him with the harp well strung,
While your hearts are bounding;

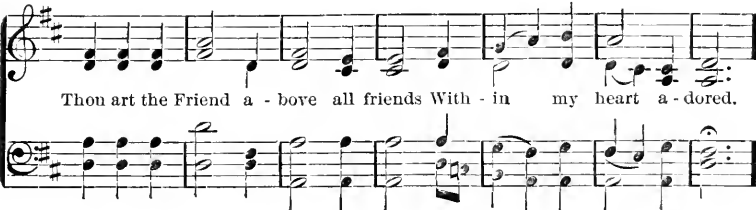
Praise him with the sweet-toned lyre;
Let his praise the lute inspire;
Praise him in a mighty choir;
Let his praise be loudly sung.

HELEN E. BROWN.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. O thou un-seen but pres-ent Christ, My loved and lov-ing Lord,



Thou art the Friend a - bove all friends With - in my heart a - dored.

REFRAIN.



Prais-es high, and prais-es ho - ly, Loud and long I sing.



Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, Un - to Christ my King.

2 Thou art the source of all the life
That in my life I see;
The fountain of my faith and hope,
My springs are all in thee.—REF.

3 Thou art the pearl of greatest price,
My truest, noblest wealth;
Thou the indwelling quickener,
My soul's eternal health.—REF.

4 Thou art my succor in distress,
My guard, behind, before;
My shield from fiery darts of sin,
My help for evermore.—REF.

5 Whom have I, Lord, in heav'n but thee?
And who on earth beside?
Within thy heart thou holdest me;
In mine thou dost abide.—REF.

20 Lord, thy Glory Fills the Heaven. 8s & 7s.

W. R. MANT.

J. H. WILCOX.

1. Lord, thy glo - ry fills the heav - en; Earth is with its fullness stored;

Un-to thee be glo - ry giv - en, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord!

Heav'n is still with anthems ring - ing; Earth takes up the angels' cry;

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, sing - ing, Lord of hosts, thou Lord most high!

3 Ever thus in God's high praises,
Brethren, let our tongues unite,
While our thoughts his greatness raises,
And our love his gifts excite;
With his seraph train before him,
With his holy Church below,
Thus unite we to adore him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow.

3 Lord, thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with its fullness stored;
Unto thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!
Thus, thy glorious day confessing,
We adopt the angels' cry,
Holy, holy, holy, blessing
Thee, the Lord our God most high!



1 HARK! ten thousand harps and voices
 Sound the note of praise above;
 Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices;
 Jesus reigns, the God of love:
 See, he sits on yonder throne;
 Jesus rules the world alone.
 Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah, Amen.

2 King of glory! reign for ever;
 Thine an everlasting crown;
 Nothing, from thy love, shall sever
 Those whom thou hast made thine
 own;
 Happy objects of thy grace,
 Destined to behold thy face.

3 Saviour! hasten thine appearing;
 Bring, oh, bring the glorious day
 When, the awful summons hearing,
 Heaven and earth shall pass away;
 Then, with golden harps, we'll sing,
 "Glory, glory to our King!"

Thomas Kelly.



1 OH, bless the Lord, my soul,
 Let all within me join,
 And aid my tongue to bless his name
 Whose favors are divine.

2 Oh, bless the Lord, my soul,
 Nor let his mercies lie
 Forgotten in unthankfulness,
 And without praises die.

3 'Tis he forgives thy sins,
 'Tis he relieves thy pain,
 'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses
 And makes thee young again.

4 He crowns thy life with love,
 When ransomed from the grave;
 He that redeemed my soul from hell
 Hath sovereign power to save.

Isaac Watts.



1 HAIL, my ever-blessed Jesus!
 Only thee I wish to sing;
 To my soul thy name is precious,
 Thou my Prophet, Priest and King:
 Oh, what mercy flows from heaven!
 Oh, what joy and happiness!
 Love I much? I've much forgiven;
 I'm a miracle of grace.

2 Once with Adam's race in ruin,
 Unconcerned in sin, I lay;
 Swift destruction still pursuing,
 Till my Saviour passèd by:
 Witness, all ye host of heaven!
 My Redeemer's tenderness;
 Love I much? I've much forgiven;
 I'm a miracle of grace.

3 Shout, ye bright angelic choir!
 Praise the Lamb enthroned above;
 Whilst, astonished, I admire
 God's free grace and boundless love;
 That blest moment I received him
 Filled my soul with joy and peace;
 Love I much? I've much forgiven;
 I'm a miracle of grace.

J. Wingrove.



1 COME, sound his praise abroad,
 And hymns of glory sing;
 Jehovah is the sovereign God,
 The universal King.

2 He formed the deeps unknown;
 He gave the seas their bound;
 The watery worlds are all his own,
 And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne;
 Come, bow before the Lord:
 We are his works, and not our own;
 He formed us by his word.

Isaac Watts.

Tr. by J. E. MILLARD.

GEORGE KINGSLEY. ARR.

1. God e - ter - nal, Lord of all, Low - ly at thy feet we fall;

All the world doth wor - ship thee: We amidst the throng would be.

All the ho - ly an - gels cry, Hail, thrice ho - ly God most high!

Lord of all the heav'n - ly powers, Be the same loud an - them ours.

2 Glorified apostles raise,
Night and day, continual praise;
Hast thou not a mission too
For thy children here to do?
With the prophets' goodly line
We in mystic bond combine;
For thou hast to babes revealed
Things that to the wise were sealed.

3 Martyrs, in a noble host,
Of thy cross are heard to boast;
Since so bright the crown they wear,
We with them thy cross would bear.
All thy Church, in heaven and earth,
Jesus, hail thy spotless birth:
Seated on the judgment-throne,
Number us among thine own.



- 1 YE angels who stand round the throne
And view my Immanuel's face,
In rapturous songs make him known,
Tune all your soft harps to his
praise;
He formed you the spirits you are,
So happy, so noble, so good;
When others sunk down in despair,
Confirmed by his power, you stood.
- 2 Ye saints who stand nearer than they,
And cast your bright crowns at his
feet,
His grace and his glory display,
And all his rich mercy repeat:
He snatched you from hell and the
grave,
He ransomed from death and de-
spair,
For you he was mighty to save,
Almighty to bring you safe there.
- 3 Oh, when will the period appear
When I shall unite in your song?
I'm weary of lingering here,
And I to your Saviour belong;
I want, oh, I want to be there,
Where sorrow and sin bid adieu,
Your joy and your friendship to share,
To wonder and worship with you.
Maria de Fleury.



- 1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
It calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.
- 3 Jesus, my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

John Newton.



- 1 I BLESS the Christ of God;
I rest on love divine;
And with unfaltering lip and heart
I call this Saviour mine.
- 2 His cross dispels each doubt;
I bury in his tomb
Each thought of unbelief and fear,
Each lingering shade of gloom.
- 3 I praise the God of grace;
I trust his truth and might;
He calls me his, I call him mine,
My God, my joy, my light.
- 4 'Tis he who saveth me,
And freely pardon gives;
I love because he loveth me,
I live because he lives.
- 5 My life with him is hid,
My death has passed away,
My clouds have melted into light,
My midnight into day.

H. Bonar.



- 1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to
shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no
more.
- 2 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall
rise
With every morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns,
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.
- 5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

Isaac Watts

Rev. THOMAS KELLY.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. End-less prais-es, end-less prais-es To our Lord! Ev-er be his
2. An-gels crown him, an-gels crown him, Crown the Lamb! He is worthy,

SOLI.

name adored, His name a-dored! Glo-ry, glo-ry to our King!
praise his name, Oh, praise his name! Glo-ry, glo-ry to our King!

CHORUS.

Glo-ry, glo-ry to our King! An-gels singing, "Crown the Lamb,"
Glad harps ringing, Sound his fame:

He is worthy, praise his name! He is worthy, praise his name!

3 Saints adore him, saints adore him,
Sound his fame:
You he saves ||: from endless shame.:||
Glory, glory, etc.

4 Saints and angels, saints and angels,
Jointly sing,
Glory to ||: th'almighty King.:||
Glory, glory, etc.

31

ARIEL. C. P. M.



1 OH, could I speak the matchless worth,
Oh, could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine,
I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel, while he sings,
In notes almost divine.

2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath divine;
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, glorious dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.

4 Well, the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me
home,
And I shall see his face:
Then, with my Saviour, Brother,
Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

Samuel Medley.

32

AURELIA. 7s & 6s.



1 LORD of the vast creation,
Support of worlds unknown,
Desire of every nation,
Behold us at thy throne;
We come for mercy crying
Through thine atoning blood,
And, on thy grace relying,
We seek each promised good.

2 Oh, when shall thy salvation
Be known through every land,
And men, in every station,
Obey thy great command?

In God's own Son believing,
From sin may they be free,
And, gospel-grace receiving,
Find life and peace in thee.

John Balmer.

33



1 AROUND the throne of God in heaven
Thousands of children stand,
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band,
REFRAIN.—Singing glory, glory,
Glory be to God on high.

2 In flowing robes of spotless white
See every one arrayed,
Dwelling in everlasting light,
And joys that never fade.

3 What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace and joy and love—
How came those children there?

4 Because the Saviour shed his blood
To wash away their sin:
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean.

5 On earth they sought the Saviour's
grace,
On earth they loved his name;
So now they see his blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb.

Anne H. Shepard.

34

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.



1 FROM all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to
shore
Till suns shall set and rise no more.

Isaac Watts.

Dr. W. P. MACKAY.

English Melody.

1. We praise thee, O God! For the Son of thy love,— For Je - sus who

REFRAIN.

died, And is now gone a - bove. { Hal - le - lu - jah! thine the glo - ry,
Hal - le - lu - jah! thine the glo - ry,

Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men. } Re - vive us a - gain.
[Omit]

2 We praise thee, O God!
For thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour
And scattered our night.
REF.—Hallelujah, etc.

3 All glory and praise
To the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins,
And has cleansed every stain.
REF.—Hallelujah, etc.

BOYLSTON. S. M.

1 My soul, repeat His praise
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.
3 His power subdues our sins,
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

Isaac Watts.

37 ITALIAN HYMN. 6s & 4s.



1 COME, thou almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise;
Father all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of days!

2 Come, thou incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword,
Our prayer attend;
Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success:
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend!

3 Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour;
Thou who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power!

4 To the great One in Three,
The highest praises be
Hence, evermore;
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

C. Wesley.

38 ARLINGTON. C. M.



1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

2 To-day he rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints his triumph spread,
And all his wonders tell.

3 Hosanna to th' anointed King,
To David's holy Son;
Help us, O Lord! descend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.

4 Blest be the Lord who comes to men
With messages of grace,
Who comes in God his Father's name
To save our sinful race.

5 Hosanna in the highest strains
The Church on earth can raise;
The highest heavens in which he reigns
Shall give him nobler praise.

Isaac Watts.

39 ITALIAN HYMN. 6s & 4s.

1 GLORY to God on high!
Let praises fill the sky;
Praise ye his name;
Angels, His name adore
Who all our sorrows bore,
And, saints, cry evermore,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

2 All they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising his name;
We who have felt his blood
Sealing our peace with God,
Spread his dear fame abroad:
"Worthy the Lamb!"

3 To him our hearts we raise;
None else shall have our praise;
Praise ye his name;
Him, our exalted Lord,
By us below adored,
We praise with one accord:
"Worthy the Lamb!"

James Allen.

40 WILMOT. 8s & 7s.



1 ONE there is above all others
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free and knows no end.

2 Which of all our friends to save us
Could or would have shed his blood?
But our Saviour died to have us
Reconciled in him to God.

3 When he lived on earth, abasèd,
Friend of sinners was his name;
Now, above all glory raisèd,
He rejoices in the same.

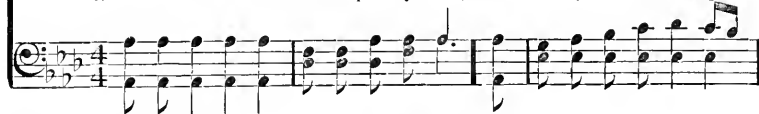
4 Oh, for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above.

John Newton.

T. F. SEWARD. By per.



1. Go and tell Je - sus, wea - ry, sinsiek soul ! He'll ease thee of thy bur - den,
2. Go and tell Je - sus when your sins arise Like mountains of dark guilt be -
3. Go and tell Je - sus : he'll dispel thy fears ; Will calm thy doubts and wipe a -



make thee whole ; Look up to him, he only can forgive ; Be - lieve on him, and fore your eyes ; His blood was spilt, his precious life he gave, That mercy, peace and way thy tears ; Will take thee in his arms, and on his breast Thou mayst be happy,



REFRAIN.



thou shalt sure - ly live.
par - don you should have. } Go and tell Je - sus, he on - ly can for - give ;
and for ev - er rest.



Go and tell Je - sus, oh, turn to him and live. Go and tell Je - sus,



go and tell Je - sus, Go and tell Je - sus, he on - ly can for - give.

42 O Day of Rest and Gladness. 7s & 6s.

CHR. WORDSWORTH.

LOWELL MASON, ART.

1. { O day of rest and gladness, O day of joy and light, }
 { O balm of care and sad-ness, Most beau-ti-ful, most bright! }

On thee the high and low-ly Be-fore th'e-ter-nal throne

Sing, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, To God the Three in One.

2 On thee at the creation
 The light first had its birth;
 On thee for our salvation
 Christ rose from depths of earth;
 On thee our Lord victorious
 The Spirit sent from heaven;
 And thus on thee most glorious
 A triple light was given.

3 Thou art a cooling fountain
 In life's dry, dreary sand;
 From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
 We view our promised land;
 A day of sweet refection,
 A day of holy love,
 A day of resurrection
 From earth to things above.

4 To-day on weary nations
 The heavenly manna falls;
 To holy convocations
 The silver trumpet calls,
 Where gospel-light is glowing
 With pure and radiant beams,
 And living water flowing
 With soul-refreshing streams.

5 New graces ever gaining
 From this our day of rest,
 We reach the rest remaining
 To spirits of the blest.
 To Holy Ghost be praises,
 To Father and to Son;
 The Church her voice upraises
 To thee, blest Three in One!

Jesus is Mighty to Save.

ANNIE WITTENMYER.

WM. G. FISCHER. By per.

1. All glo - ry to Je - sus be given That life and sal - va - tion are free ; And

all may be washed and for - given, And Je - sus can save ev - en me.

REFRAIN.

Yes, Je - sus is might - y to save, And all his sal - va - tion may
is mighty to save, sal -

know ; On his bos - om I lean, And his
va - tion may know ;

blood makes me clean, For his blood can wash whit - er than snow.

Jesus is Mighty to Save.—Concluded.

2 From the darkness of sin and despair,
Out into the light of his love,
He has brought me and made me an heir
To kingdoms and mansions above.

3 Oh, the rapturous heights of his love,
The measureless depths of his grace!

My soul all his fullness would prove,
And live in his loving embrace.

4 In him all my wants are supplied,
His love makes my heaven below,
And freely his blood is applied, [snow.
His blood that makes whiter than

44 Jesus, Tender Saviour.

H. N. WHITNEY. By per.

1. Je - sus, tender Sa - viour, hast thou died for me? Make me ver - y

thank - ful in my heart to thee; When the sad, sad sto - ry

of thy grief I read, Make me ver - y sor - ry for my sins in - deed.

2 Now I know thou lovest and dost plead for me,
Make me very thankful in my prayers to thee;
Soon I hope in glory at thy side to stand:
Make me fit to meet thee in that happy land.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Rev. T. R. MATTHEWS.

1. God is my strong sal - va - tion: What foe have I to fear?

In dark-ness and temp - ta - tion My Light, my Help, is near.

Though hosts en - camp a - round me, Firm to the fight I stand:

What ter - ror can con - found me With God at my right hand?

2 Place on the Lord reliance;
My soul, with courage wait;
His truth be thine alliance
When faint and desolate.

His might thy heart shall strengthen,
His love thy joy increase:
Mercy thy days shall lengthen:
The Lord will give thee peace.

Rev. J. H. MARTIN.

R. M. McINTOSH. By per.

DUET.

1. Do not faint when tribu - la - tion Darkens, like a cloud, thy sky—When the

storms of des - o - la - tion On thee beat and o'er thee fly.

REFRAIN.

Though in darkness, God will never Cease to love, or thee for - sake; In thy

sor - row He will ev - er Be thy stay, for Je - sus' sake.

2 Should thy way be rough and dreary,
 With a gloomy shade o'ercast,
 Should thy feet be sore and weary,
 Thou shalt reach thy home at last.

3 Onward press, amid thy sadness,
 Till thy toils and cares are o'er:
 All thy grief shall turn to gladness
 On the fair celestial shore.

E. JOHNSON.

W. G. FISCHER. By per.

1. Oh, sometimes the shadows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal; And

sor-rows, sometimes how they sweep Like tempests down o - ver the soul!

REFRAIN.

Oh, then, to the Rock let me fly, let me fly-- To the

Rock that is high - er than I; Oh, then, to the Rock let me
is higher than I;

fly, let me fly-- To the Rock that is high - er than I.

The Rock that is Higher.—Concluded.

2 Oh, sometimes how long seems the day,
And sometimes how weary my feet!
But, toiling in life's dusty way, [sweet!
The Rock's blessèd shadow how

REF.—Oh, then, to the Rock let me fly,
let me fly—
To the Rock that is higher
than I;
Oh, then, to the Rock let me fly,
let me fly—
To the Rock that is higher
than I.

3 Oh, near to the Rock let me keep,
If blessings or sorrows prevail,
Or climbing the mountain-way steep,
Or walking the shadowy vale.

REF.—Then, quick to the Rock I can fly,
I can fly—
To the Rock that is higher
than I;
Then, quick to the Rock I can fly,
I can fly—
To the Rock that is higher
than I.

48

I'm a Pilgrim.

Mrs. M. S. B. DANA.

1. I'm a pil - grim, and I'm a stran - ger; I can

FINE.

tar - ry, I can tar - ry but a night. Do not de - tain me, For I am

D. C.

go - ing To where the foun - tains are ev - er flow - ing.

2 There the sunbeams are ever shining:
I am longing, I am longing for the
sight.
Within a country unknown and dreary
I have been wandering forlorn and
weary.

I'm a pilgrim, etc.

3 Of that country to which I'm going
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is the
Light;
There are no sorrows, nor any sigh -
ing,
Nor any sin there, nor any dying.

I'm a pilgrim, etc.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

S. J. VAIL. By per.

1. Thou my ev - er - last - ing por - tion, More than friend or life to me,

All a - long my pil - grim journey, Saviour, let me walk with thee.

REFRAIN.

Close to thee, close to thee, Close to thee, close to thee! All a -

long my pil - grim jour - ney, Sa - viour, let me walk with thee.

2 Not for ease or worldly pleasure,
Nor for fame, my prayer shall be;
Gladly will I toil and suffer:
Only let me walk with thee.

REF.—Close to thee, close to thee,
Close to thee, close to thee,
Gladly will I toil and suffer:
Only let me walk with thee.

3 Lead me through the vale of shadows,
Bear me o'er life's fitful sea;
Then the gate of life eternal
May I enter, Lord, with thee.

REF.—Close to thee, close to thee,
Close to thee, close to thee,
Then the gate of life eternal
May I enter, Lord, with thee.

R. W. RAYMOND.

FERD. SILCHER.

1. Far out on the des - o - late bil - low The sail - or sails the sea,
2. Far down in the earth's dark bos - om The min - er mines the ore;

A - lone with the night and the tempest, Where countless dan - gers be;
Death lurks in the dark be - hind him, And hides in the rock be - fore;

REFRAIN.

Yet nev - er a - lone is the Christian Who lives by faith and prayer;

For God is a Friend un - fail - ing, And God is eve - ry - where.

3 Forth into the dreadful battle
The steadfast soldier goes,
No friend, when he lies a-dying,
His eyes to kiss and close;
REF.—Yet never alone, etc.

4 Lord, grant as we sail life's ocean,
Or delve in its mines of woe,
Or fight in its terrible conflict,
This comfort all to know:
REF.—That never alone, etc.

ALICE CAREY.

JOHN M. EVANS.

1. A crown of glo - ry bright By faith's clear eye I see In
2. Oh, may I faith-ful prove, And keep the crown in view, And

yon - der realms of light, Pre - pared for me.
through the storms of life My way pur - - sue.

REFRAIN.

I'm near-er my home, near-er my home, Near-er my home to - day—

Yes, near-er my home in heaven to-day—Than ev-er I was be - fore.

3 Jesus, be thou my guide ;
Do thou my steps attend ;
Oh, keep me near thy side :
Be thou my friend.

REF.—I'm nearer, etc.

4 Be thou my shield and sun,
My Saviour and my guard,
And when my work is done
My great reward.

REF.—I'm nearer, etc.

From "Words of Life," 1874.

Words and Music by P. P. BLISS. By per.

1. Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Won - der - ful words of

life; Let me more of their beau - ty see, Won - der - ful words of

life. Words of life and beau - ty Teach me faith and du - ty;

Beau - ti - ful words, wonderful words, Wonderful words of life, life.

2 Christ, the blessed One, gives to all
 Wonderful words of life;
 Sinner, list to the loving call,
 Wonderful words of life,
 All so freely given,
 Wooing us to heaven.
 REF.—Beautiful words, etc.

3 Sweetly echo the gospel call,
 Wonderful words of life;
 Offer pardon and peace to all,
 Wonderful words of life.
 Jesus, only Saviour,
 Sanctify for ever.
 REF.—Beautiful words, etc.

I Could not Do without Thee.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

C. C. CASE.

1. I could not do with-out thee, O Saviour of the lost! Whose

precious blood redeemed me At such tremendous cost. Thy righteousness, thy

par-don, Thy precious blood, must be My on-ly hope and comfort, My

REFRAIN.

glo-ry and my plea. I could not do with-out thee: I can-not stand a-

lone; I have no strength or goodness, No wisdom of my own.

I Could not Do without Thee.—Concluded.

- 2 I could not do without thee :
 I cannot stand alone ;
 I have no strength or goodness,
 No wisdom of my own.
 But thou, beloved Saviour,
 Art all in all to me,
 And weakness will be power
 If leaning hard on thee.—REF.
- 3 I could not do without thee ;
 For oh, the way is long,
 And I am often weary,
 And sigh replaces song.

- How could I do without thee?
 I do not know the way :
 Thou knowest and thou ledest,
 And will not let me stray.—REF.
- 4 I could not do without thee ;
 For years are fleeting fast ;
 And soon, in solemn loneliness,
 The river must be past ;
 But thou wilt never leave me,
 And, though the waves roll high,
 I know thou wilt be near me,
 And whisper, " It is I."—REF.

54 ARLINGTON. C. M.



- 1 AM I a soldier of the cross,
 A follower of the Lamb,
 And shall I fear to own his cause
 Or blush to speak his name ?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies
 On flowery beds of ease,
 While others fought to win the prize,
 And sailed through bloody seas ?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face ?
 Must I not stem the flood ?
 Is this dark world a friend to grace,
 To help me on to God ?
- 4 Sure I must fight if I would reign ;
 Increase my courage, Lord !
 I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
 Supported by thy word.

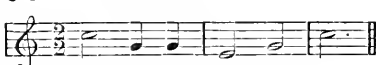
Isaac Watts.

55 ARLINGTON. C. M.

- 1 SALVATION! oh, the joyful sound !
 'Tis pleasure to our ears—
 A sovereign balm for every wound,
 A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
 At hell's dark door we lay ;
 But we arise, by grace divine,
 To see a heavenly day.
- 3 Salvation ! Let the echo fly
 The spacious earth around,
 While all the armies of the sky
 Conspire to raise the sound.

Isaac Watts.

56 SILVER STREET. S. M.



- 1 GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,
 Harmonious to mine ear ;
 Heaven with the echo shall resound,
 And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contrived the way
 To save rebellious man,
 And all the steps that grace display
 Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 Grace led my wandering feet
 To tread the heavenly road,
 And new supplies each hour I meet
 While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace all the work shall crown
 Through everlasting days ;
 It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
 And well deserves the praise.

Ph. Doddridge.

57 RETREAT. L. M.

- 1 FROM every stormy wind that blows,
 From every swelling tide of woes,
 There is a calm, a sure retreat :
 'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.
- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
 The oil of gladness on our heads—
 A place than all beside more sweet :
 It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.
- 3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
 Where friend holds fellowship with
 friend ;
 Though sundered far, by faith they
 meet
 Around one common mercy-seat.

Hugh Stowell.

58 Gracious Saviour, Gentle Shepherd.

JANE E. LEESON.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Gracious Saviour, gen-tle Shepherd, All thy lambs are dear to thee;

Gathered in thine arms and car-ried In thy bos - om may we be,

Sweetly, fond-ly, safe-ly tend-ed, From all want and dan-ger free,

Sweet-ly, fond-ly, safe-ly tend-ed, From all want and danger free.

2 Tender Shepherd, never leave us
 From thy fold to go astray;
 By thy look of love directed,
 May we walk the narrow way!
 ¶: Thus direct us, and protect us,
 Lest we fall to sin a prey. :||

3 Taught to lisp thy holy praises
 Which on earth thy children sing,
 Both with lips and hearts unfeignèd,
 May we our thank-offering bring,
 ¶: Then, with all the saints in heaven,
 Join to praise our Lord and King! :||

NEWTON.

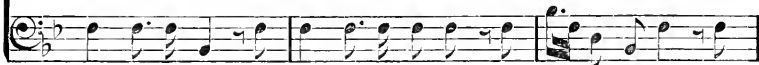
KARL REDEN. By per.



1. Be - gone, un-be-lief! My Saviour is near, And for my re - lief Will
2. Though dark be my way, Since he is my Guide, 'Tis mine to o - bey, 'Tis



sure - ly ap - pear. By prayer let me wrestle, And he will perform; With
his to provide; Though cisterns be broken And creatures all fail, The



REFRAIN.



Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm. } By prayer let me wrestle, And
word he has spoken Shall surely prevail. }



he will per - form; With Christ in the ves - sel, I smile at the storm.



3 His love in times past
Forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last
In trouble to sink.
Each sweet Ebenezer
I have in review
Confirms his good pleasure
To help me quite through.—REF.

4 Why should I complain
Of want and distress,
Temptation or pain?
He told me no less.
The heirs of salvation,
I know from his word,
Through much tribulation
Must follow their Lord.—REF.

" 'Tis I! be not Afraid!"

From "Golden Sunbeams." By per.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Tossed with rough winds and faint with fear, A - bove the tem - pest,
2. These rag - ing winds, this surg - ing sea, Bear not a breath of

soft and clear, What still, small accents greet mine ear? 'Tis I! be not a - fraid!
wrath to thee: That storm has all been spent on me. 'Tis I! be not a - fraid!

REFRAIN.

'Tis I! 'Tis I!

'Tis I! 'Tis I! 'Tis I! be not a - fraid! 'Tis

I! thy Lord, thy Life, thy Light—'Tis I! be not a - fraid!

3 Mine eyes are watching by thy bed,
Mine arms are underneath thy head.
My blessing is around thee shed.

'Tis I! be not afraid!—REF.

4 When on the other side thy feet [meet,
Shall rest where welcome thousands
One well-known voice thy heart shall

'Tis I! be not afraid!—REF. [greet:

61 Out Amid the Waves of Ocean.

M. D. JANES,

W. J. KIRKPATRICK. By per.

1. { Out a - mid the waves of o - cean, Rag - ing oft in wild com - mo - tion, }
 { Kept se - cure - ly I am sing - ing, For to Christ my soul is cling - ing, }

Safe when comes the tempest's shock, Rest - ing on the sol - id Rock—

REFRAIN.

On the Rock, on the Rock; Rest - ing safe - ly on the Rock—

On the Rock, the sol - id Rock; Rest - ing safe - ly on the Rock.

2 What though darkness now surround me?
 What though winds be howling round me,
 Threatening with desolation?
 Christ the Rock is my salvation.
 Calm amid the wildest shock,
 On the everlasting Rock.—REF.

3 With my Saviour, what can harm me?
 Satan's hosts cannot alarm me;

Jesus' mighty arms enclosing,
 Sweetly is my soul reposing,
 Sheltered from the fiercest shock
 By the ever-blessed Rock.—REF.

4 Praise the Rock of our salvation!
 With increasing adoration,
 Laud and bless His name for ever
 From whose love no force can sever.
 Saved, we wait the final shock
 On the strong eternal Rock.—REF.

H. BONAR.

A. B. SPRATT.

1. No, not des - pair - ing - ly Come I to thee; No, not dis - trust - ing - ly Bend I the knee. Sin hath gone o - ver me, Yet is this still my plea, Je - sus hath died.

Ped.

2 Lord, I confess to thee,
 Sadly, my sin;
 All I am tell I thee,
 All I have been.
 Purge thou my sin away,
 Wash thou my soul this day;
 Lord, make me clean.

3 Faithful and just art thou,
 Forgiving all;
 Loving and kind art thou
 When poor ones call.
 Lord, let the cleansing blood—
 Blood of the Lamb of God—
 Pass o'er my soul.

This is my earnest plea:
 More love, O Christ, to thee,
 More love to thee!

2 Ouce earthly joy I craved,
 Sought peace and rest;
 Now thee alone I seek:
 Give what is best.
 This all my prayer shall be,
 More love, O Christ, to thee,
 More love to thee!

3 Let sorrow do its work,
 Send grief and pain:
 Sweet are thy messengers,
 Sweet their refrain
 When they can sing, with me,
 More love, O Christ to thee,
 More love to thee!

Elizabeth P. Prentiss.

1 MORE love to thee, O Christ,
 More love to thee!
 Hear thou the prayer I make
 On bended knee.

Rev. WM. McDONALD.

WM. G. FISCHER. By per.

1. I am com - ing to the cross; I'm poor and weak and blind;
 2. Long my heart has sighed for thee; Long has e - vil reigned with - in;
 REF.—I am trust - ing, Lord, in thee, Dear Lamb of Cal - va - ry;

I'm count - ing all but dross; I shall full sal - va - tion find.
 Jesus sweet - ly speaks to me: "I will cleanse you from all sin."
 Humbly at thy cross I bow; Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

3 Here I give my all to thee—
 Friends and time and earthly store;
 Soul and body thine to be—
 Wholly thine—for evermore.—REF.

4 Jesus comes! he fills my soul!
 Perfected in love I am;
 I am every whit made whole;
 Glory, glory to the Lamb.—REF.

6s & 4s.

1 NEARER, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee!

E'en though it be a cross
 That raiseth me,
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee.

2 Though like the wanderer,
 The sun gone down,
 Darkness be over me,
 My rest a stone,
 Yet in my dreams I'd be
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee.

3 There let the way appear,
 Steps unto heaven;
 All that thou sendest me
 In mercy given;

Angels to beckon me
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee!

4 Then, with my waking thoughts
 Bright with thy praise,
 Out of my stony griefs
 Bethel I'll raise;
 So by my woes to be
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee!

5 Or if, on joyful wing
 Cleaving the sky,
 Sun, moon and stars forgot,
 Upward I fly,
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee.

Mrs. S. F. Adams.

ANNA L. WARING.

THEO. F. SEWARD. By per.

1. In heavenly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear;

And safe is such con - fid - ing, For noth - ing chang - es here.

The storm may roar with - out me, My heart may low be laid,

But God is round a - bout me, And can I be dis - mayed?

2 Wherever he may guide me,
 No want shall turn me back;
 My Shepherd is beside me,
 And nothing can I lack;
 His wisdom ever waketh,
 His sight is never dim;
 He knows the way he taketh,
 And I will walk with him.

3 Green pastures are before me
 Which yet I have not seen;
 Bright skies will soon be o'er me
 Where darkest clouds have been;
 My hope I cannot measure,
 My path to life is free;
 My Saviour has my treasure,
 And he will walk with me.

67 Come, thou Long-Expected Jesus. 8s & 7s.

CHAS. WESLEY.

HAYDN.



1. Come, thou long-ex-pect-ed Je - sus, Born to set thy peo - ple free;



From our fears and sins re - lease us, Let us find our rest in thee.



Is - rael's Strength and Con-so - la - tion, Hope of all the earth thou art;



Dear De-sire of ev' - ry na - tion, Joy of ev' - ry long - ing heart.

2 Born thy people to deliver,
 Born a Child, and yet a King,
 Born to reign in us for ever,—
 Now thy gracious kingdom bring.

By thine own eternal Spirit
 Rule in all our hearts alone;
 By thine all-sufficient merit
 Raise us to thy glorious throne.

J. MONTGOMERY.

H. SMART.

1. Hail to the Lord's A - noint - ed, Great Da - vid's great - er Son;

Hail, in the time ap - point - ed, His reign on earth be - gun.

He comes to break op - pres - sion, To set the cap - tive free,

To take a - way trans - gres - sion And rule in eq - ui - ty.

2 He shall descend like showers
 Upon the fruitful earth,
 And love and joy, like flowers,
 Spring in his path to birth.
 Before him, on the mountains,
 Shall Peace, the herald, go,
 And righteousness in fountains
 From hill to valley flow.

3 For him shall prayer unceasing
 And daily vows ascend,
 His kingdom still increasing—
 A kingdom without end.
 The tide of time shall never
 His covenant remove;
 His name shall stand for ever:
 That name to us is Love.

69 Hark! what Mean those Holy Voices.

Rev. J. CAWOOD.

H. SMART.

1. Hark! what mean those ho - ly voice - es, Sweetly sounding through the skies?

Lo! th'an-gel - ic host re-joice - es, Heavenly hal - le - lu - ias rise.

Lis - ten to the wondrous sto - ry Which they chant in hymns of joy :

"Glo - ry in the highest, glo - ry! Glo - ry be to God most high!" A - men.

2 "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed and sins forgiven;
Loud our golden harps shall sound.
Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth his praises sing:
Oh, receive whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest and King!"

3 "Hasten, mortals, to adore him;
Learn his name and taste his joy,
Till in heaven ye sing before him,
'Glory be to God most high!'"
Let us learn the wondrous story
Of our great Redeemer's birth;
Spread the brightness of his glory
Till it cover all the earth. Amen.

CHAS. WESLEY.

MENDELSSOHN.

1. Hark! the herald angels sing, "Glo-ry to the new-born King! Peace on earth and

mer-cy mild, God and sinners rec-oneiled!" Joy-ful, all ye nations, rise,

Join the triumph of the skies; With th' angelic host proclaim Christ is born in

Bethlehem! Hark! the herald an-gels sing, "Glo-ry to the new-born King!"

Organ pedal.

2 Christ, by highest heaven adored,
 Christ, the everlasting Lord;
 Late in time behold him come,
 Offspring of the Virgin's womb.
 Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
 Hail the incarnate Deity,
 Pleased as Man with men to dwell;
 Jesus, our Emmanuel!
 Hark! the herald angels, etc.

3 Hail! the heaven-born Prince of peace!
 Hail! the Sun of Righteousness!
 Light and life to all he brings,
 Risen with healing in his wings.
 Mild, he lays his glory by,
 Born that man no more may die,
 Born to raise the sons of earth,
 Born to give them second birth.
 Hark! the herald angels, etc.

Rev. A. A. GRALEY.

A. A. GRALEY.

1. Beau - ti - ful morn - ing star! Beau - ti - ful morn - ing star! Be -
 2. Beau - ti - ful morn - ing star! Beau - ti - ful morn - ing star! Thy

fore thy fires The night re - tires, And gates of morn un - bar.
 glo - ries shine, O Christ di - vine, Like yon bright orb a - far.

REFRAIN.

ritard.

Beau - ti - ful morn - ing star! Beau - ti - ful morn - ing star! The

prophets of old Thy ris - ing foretold, Beau - ti - ful morn - ing star!

3 Beautiful morning star!
 Beautiful morning star!
 When fears control
 My trembling soul,
 Thy beams my comfort are.—REF.

4 Beautiful morning star!
 Beautiful morning star!
 Thy glory bright
 Shall fill with light
 The shiung land afar.—REF.

There was Joy in Heaven.

f *pp rall.*

1. There was joy in heaven, There was joy in heaven, Joy . . . in heaven,

mf a tempo.

When, this good - ly world to frame, The Lord of might and mer-ey came;

cres. *ff*

Shouts of joy were heard on high, And the stars sang from the sky:

And the stars sang from the sky:

f *ff*

"Glo - ry to God in heaven! Glo - ry to God in heaven!"

2 There was joy in heaven,
There was joy in heaven,
Joy in heaven,
When the billows, heaving dark,
Sank around the stranded ark,
And the rainbow's wat'ry span
Spake of mercy, hope to man
And peace with God in heaven,
And peace with God in heaven.

3 There was joy in heaven,
There was joy in heaven,
Joy in heaven,
When of love the midnight beam
Dawned on favored Bethlehem,
And along the echoing hill
Angels sang, "On earth good-will,
Glory to God in heaven,
Glory to God in heaven."

73 Softly, Sweetly through the Air.

MARY C. SEWARD.

T. F. SEWARD.

REF.—1. Softly, sweetly through the air Hear the angels sing-ing, Christ the Lord is
 2. Shepherds gathered at his feet, Loving hearts outpouring, While a - bove the

Refrain for Tenor and Bass.—*Soft - ly, sweet - ly*
 FINE.

born to-day, Peace on earth is bringing, Love divine in him revealed,
 ho - ly One An-gels bent a - dor-ing. They who worshiped Jesus there

singing through the air, etc.

Love— all love— ex - cell - ing; Though he in a man - ger lay,
 Knew not half the meas - ure Of the full - ness of his grace,

Hearts shall be his dwell - ing, Hearts shall be his dwell - ing.
 Of his love the treas - ure, Of his love the treas - ure.

3 Now revealed the Saviour stands,
 With a full salvation,
 Man in God, and God in man—
 Wondrous incarnation!

Glad hosannas, then, we'll raise,
 Through the earth resounding:
 Peace, good-will, for evermore,
 Love divine abounding.—REF.

Wonderful Night.

J. F. YOUNG, D. D. By per.

1. Won - der - ful night! won - der - ful night!

Angels and shining immor - tals, Thronging thine ebony por - tals,

Fling out their banners of light. Wonderful, wonderful night!

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Wonderful night! wonderful night!
 Dreamed of by prophets and sages,
 Manhood, redeemed for all ages,
 Welcomes thy hallowing night.
 Wonderful, wonderful night!</p> | <p>4 Wonderful night! wonderful night!
 Sweet be thy rest to the weary,
 Making the dull heart and dreary
 Laugh in a dream of delight.
 Wonderful, wonderful night!</p> |
| <p>3 Wonderful night! wonderful night!
 Down o'er the stars, to restore us,
 Leading his flame-wingèd chorus,
 Comes the Eternal to sight.
 Wonderful, wonderful night!</p> | <p>5 Wonderful night! wonderful night!
 Let me, as long as life lingers,
 Sing with the cherubim singers:
 "Glory to God in the height!"
 Wonderful, wonderful night!</p> |

75 When, his Salvation Bringing. 7s & 6s.

J. KING.

From Mozart.

1. When, his sal - va - tion bringing, To Zi - on Je - sus came, The children all stood

sing - ing, "Ho - san - na to his name!" Nor did their zeal of - fend him, But

as he rode a - long He let them still attend him, And smiled to hear their song.

2 And since the Lord retaineth
His love for children still—
Though now as King he reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill—
We'll flock around His banner
Who sits upon the throne,
And cry aloud, "Hosanna
To David's royal Son!"

3 For, should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Might well "Hosanna!" raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No! While our hearts are tender
They too shall be the Lord's.

76 7s & 6s.

- 1 WHEN shall the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along,
When hill and valley, ringing
With one triumphant song,
Proclaim the contest ended,
And Him who once was slain
A second time descended
In righteousness to reign?
- 2 Then, from the craggy mountains,
The sacred shout shall fly,
And shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply;
High tower and lowly dwelling
Shall send the hymn around,
All "Hallelujah!" swelling
In one continued sound.

J. LUKE.

English Melody.

1. I think, when I read that sweet story of old, When Jesus was here among men,
2. I wish that his hands had been placed on my head, That his arm had been thrown
around me,

How he called little children as lambs to his fold, I should like to have been with them then.
And that I might have seen his kind look when he said, "Let the little ones come unto me."

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>3 Yet still to his footstool in prayer I
may go,
And ask for a share in his love ;
And if I now earnestly seek him
below,
I shall see him and hear him above,</p> | <p>4 In that beautiful place he is gone to
prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven ;
And many dear children are gathering
there, [heaven."
"For of such is the kingdom of</p> |
|--|---|

78

ANTIOCH. C. M.

- 1 Joy to the world! the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns!
Let men their songs employ,
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and
plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness
And wonders of his love.

Isaac Watts.

79

HERMON. C. M.

- 1 THE people that in darkness sat
A glorious Light have seen;
The Light has shined on them who
long
In shades of death have been.
- 2 To us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him all the hosts of heaven.
- 3 His name shall be the Prince of peace
For evermore adored,
The Wonderful, the Counselor,
The great and mighty Lord.
- 4 His power increasing still shall spread,
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.

J. Morrison.

GERHARDT.

Tr. by J. W. ALEXANDER, D. D.

Greek Atr.

1. { O sa - ered Head, now wound - ed, With grief and shame weighed down, }
 { Now seorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed With thorns, thine on - ly crown; }

O sa - ered Head, what glo - ry, What bliss, till now was thine!

Yet, though de - spised and go - ry, I joy to call thee mine.

2 What thou, my Lord, hast suffered
 Was all for sinners' gain;
 Mine, mine was the transgression,
 But thine the deadly pain.
 Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!
 'Tis I deserve thy place;
 Look on me with thy favor,
 Vouchsafe to me thy grace.

3 The joy can ne'er be spoken,
 Above all joys beside,
 When in thy body broken
 I thus with safety hide.
 My Lord of life, desiring
 Thy glory now to see,
 Beside thy cross expiring,
 I'd breathe my soul to thee.

I bring my guilt to Jesus,
 To wash my crimson stains
 White in his blood most precious
 Till not a stain remains.

2 I lay my wants on Jesus:
 All fullness dwells in him;
 He healeth my diseases,
 He doth my soul redeem.
 I lay my guilt on Jesus,
 My burdens and my cares;
 He from them all releases,
 He all my sorrows shares.

3 I long to be like Jesus,
 Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
 I long to be like Jesus,
 The Father's holy child.
 I long to be with Jesus,
 Amid the heavenly throng,
 To sing with saints his praises,
 And learn the angels' song.

81 O SACRED HEAD. 7s & 6s.

1 I LAY my sins on Jesus,
 The spotless Lamb of God;
 He bears them all, and frees us
 From the accursed load.

H. Bonar.

A. T. PIERSON.

A. T. PIERSON, D. D.

1. When to those who sin and suf-fer Je-sus came to bring re-lief,
 2. He, for our trans-gres-sions wounded, Bruised for our in-iq-ui-ty,
 3. He was led, a lamb, to slaughter; By his stripes we are all healed;

Lo! he was despised, re-ject-ed, Man of sor-rows, full of grief.
 By his chas-tise-ment procured us Peace and par-don full and free.
 In his blood our souls find cleansing, By his death to glo-ry sealed.

While we thought him stricken, smit-ten, By the hand of God a-lone,
 We like way-ward sheep had wandered From our Father's fold a-stray;
 Break, my heart, with god-ly sor-row That thy sins such ru-in brought;

He was bear-ing oth-ers' bur-dens, Sins and sor-rows not his own.
 Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise him, And on him our sins to lay.
 Break, my heart, with ho-ly rap-ture That his grace thy res-cue wrought.

REFRAIN.

Hal-le-lu-jah! Swell the cho-rus, Praising him, the Cru-ci-fied;

The Man of Sorrows.—Concluded.

Oh, be - lieve him, Oh, re - ceive him, Who for sin - ners bled and died!

83 ZION. 8s, 7s & 4.

1 HARK! the voice of love and mercy
 Sounds aloud from Calvary;
 See! it rends the rocks asunder,
 Shakes the earth, and veils the sky.
 "It is finished!"
 Hear the dying Saviour cry.

2 "It is finished!" Oh what pleasure
 Do these charming words afford!
 Heavenly blessings without measure
 Flow to us through Christ the Lord.
 "It is finished!"
 Saints, the dying words record.

3 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;
 Join to sing the pleasing theme;
 All in earth and all in heaven,
 Join to praise Immanuel's name.
 Hallelujah!
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb!
Jonathan Evans.

84 RATHBUN. 8s & 7s.

1 IN the cross of Christ I glory,
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
 All the light of sacred story
 Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
 Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
 Never shall the cross forsake me:
 Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
 Light and love upon my way,
 From the cross the radiance streaming
 Adds more lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
 By the cross are sanctified;
 Peace is there that knows no measure,
 Joys that through all time abide.
John Bowring.

85 ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
 On which the Prince of glory died,
 My richest gain I count but loss,
 And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
 Save in the death of Christ, my
 God;
 All the vain things that charm me
 most,
 I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See! from his head, his hands, his
 feet.
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
 That were a present far too small;
 Love so amazing, so divine,
 Demands my soul, my life, my all.
Isaac Watts.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

THEO. F. SEWARD:

1. All hail, bless-ed morn-ing, With sun-shine a - dorn-ing The world that lay
2. No more shall he lan-guish, Or suf-fer the an-guish He bore on the

weep-ing o'er Him that was slain; Thou com-est with glad-ness, Dis-
cross when his life-blood was shed; Lo! an-gels in won-der The

pell-ing our sad-ness, Thou bringest good tid-ings: he liv-eth a-gain.
grave rent a - sun-der Be-held when their Monarch a - rose from the dead.

REFRAIN.

Our Rock is se-cure, Our An-chor is sure: The Lord our Re-

deem-er is migh-ty to save; Go, her-alds of glo-ry, And

All Hail, Blessed Morning.—Concluded.

pub - lish the sto - ry That Je - sus has triumphed o'er death and the grave.

3 He liveth victorious,
 He liveth all glorious
 Through him shall the captive from
 bondage be free;
 The volume of ages
 Proclaims on its pages
 For ever established his kingdom shall
 be.—REF.

4 Then, while we adore him
 And gather before him,
 Our hearts and our voices united shall
 praise
 The great Intercessor
 For every transgressor,
 The Son of the Highest, the Ancient
 of days.—REF.

87 OLMUTZ. S. M.

- 1 NOT all the blood of beasts
 On Jewish altars slain
 Could give the guilty conscience peace
 Or wash away the stain.
- 2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb
 Takes all our sins away,
 A sacrifice of nobler name
 And richer blood than they.
- 3 My faith would lay her hand
 On that dear head of thine,
 While, like a penitent, I stand,
 And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back to see
 The burdens thou didst bear
 When hanging on th' accursed tree,
 And hopes her guilt was there.
- 5 Believing, we rejoice
 To see the curse remove;
 We bless the Lamb, with cheerful voice,
 And sing his bleeding love.

Isaac Watts.

88 COOLING. C. M.

- 1 ENTHRONED on high, almighty Lord,
 The Holy Ghost send down;
 Fulfill in us thy faithful word,
 And all thy mercies crown.
- 2 Though on our heads no tongues of fire
 Their wondrous powers impart
 Grant, Saviour, what we more desire—
 Thy Spirit in our heart.
- 3 Spirit of life and light and love,
 Thy heavenly influence give;
 Quicken our souls, born from above,
 In Christ that we might live.
- 4 To our benighted minds reveal
 The glories of his grace,
 And bring us where no clouds conceal
 The brightness of his face.
- 5 His love within us shed abroad—
 Life's ever-springing well—
 Till God in us and we in God
 In love eternal dwell.

Thomas Haweis.

Come, ye Faithful.

JOHN M. NEALE, D. D.

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

1. Come, ye faith - ful, raise the strain Of tri - umphant glad - ness!

God hath brought his Is - ra - el In - to joy from sad - ness—

Losed from Pharaoh's bit - ter yoke Ja - cob's sons and daughters,

Led them with un - moistened feet Through the Red Sea wa - ters.

2 'Tis the spring of souls to-day:
 Christ hath burst his prison;
 From the frost and gloom of death
 Light and life have risen.
 All the winter of our sins,
 Long and dark, is flying
 From His face to whom we give
 Thanks and praise undying.

3 Now the queen of seasons—bright
 With the day of splendor,
 With the royal feast of feasts—
 Comes its joy to render;
 Comes to glad Jerusalem,
 Who with true affection
 Welcomes in unwearied strains
 Jesus' resurrection.

"Weary of Wandering."

Mrs. MARY C. SEWARD.

Mrs. MARY C. SEWARD. By per.



1. Wea-ry of wandering from my Saviour, Humbly again I'll seek his face,



Pleading his prom-is-es to save me, Tasting again his pardoning grace.



Je - sus, my Sa-viour, have mer - cy, Free - ly for - give and re - store ;



Oh, for thy love have com-pas - sion, Keep me from sin ev - er - more.



2 Sinful, unworthy, but repenting,
Prostrate I bow before thy throne;
Seeking forgiveness and thy blessing,
Comfort and peace from thee alone.
Saviour, Redeemer, accept me,
Grant me thy presence and love;
Bear with my weakness and folly;
Send me thy strength from above.

3 Helpless I come, my sin confessing;
Trusting in thee, why need I fear,
Knowing that all so heavy-laden
Surely will find thee ever near?
Take, then, dear Saviour, my burden;
Teach me to walk in thy way;
Tenderly shelter and keep me;
Be thou my help and my stay.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Je - sus is ten - der - ly call - ing thee home—Calling to - day, eall - ing to - day;
2. Je - sus is call - ing the wea - ry to rest— Call - ing to - day, call - ing to - day;

Why from the sunshine of love wilt thou roam Farther and farther a - way?
Bring him thy burden and thou shalt be blest: He will not turn thee a - way.

REFRAIN.

Call - ing to - day, eall - ing to - day,
Call - ing, calling to - day, to - day, Call - ing, calling to - day, to - day,

Je - sus is call - ing, is ten - der - ly call - ing, to - day.
Je - sus is ten - der - ly call - ing to - day,

- 3 Jesus is waiting: oh, come to him now—
Waiting to - day, waiting to - day;
Come with thy sins; at his feet lowly
bow;
Come, and no longer delay.—REF.
- 4 Jesus is pleading; oh, list to his voice:
Hear him to - day; hear him to - day;
They who believe on his name shall
rejoice;
Quickly arise and away.—REF.

Rev. ALFRED TAYLOR.

From the Russian.

1. Come to Je - sus now; His voice of love is gent - ly call - ing;
2. Come to Je - sus now; His gra - cious love thy sin for - giv - ing,

REF.—Lord, I glad - ly come, Thy gra - cious voice of love o - bey - ing!

FINE.

Come, be - fore him bow Ere shades of night are dark - ly fall - ing.
Soon with him shalt thou At his right hand be ev - er liv - ing.

Sa - viour, take me home; Oh, kind - ly keep thy child from stray - ing.

Hark! I hear my Sa - viour call - ing, call - ing me:
From the throne a - bove my Sa - viour wel - comes me:

"I have died for thee, Died to set thee free; Crowned in ev - er - last - ing
"Thou shalt reign with me; All my glo - ry see— See the crown and kingdom

glo - ry thou shalt be. Wea - ry sin - ner, come to me."
I have bought for thee. Ran - somed sin - ner, live with me."

REV. ALFRED TAYLOR.

J. E. GOULD.

1. My Saviour stands waiting, and knocks at the door—Has knocked, and is knocking again;
I hear his kind voice: I'll reject him no more, Nor let him stand pleading in vain.
D. C. I'll yield to the voice of his merciful love, And let my dear Saviour come in.

D. C.

In in-fi-nite mercy he came from above To ransom, to cleanse me from sin:

REFRAIN.

Saviour, come in, cleanse me from sin; Jesus, my Saviour, come in, come in!

En-ter the door, Waiting no more, Saviour, dear Saviour, come in.

2 O Saviour, my Ransom, Redeemer and
Friend,
The Life and the Truth and the
Way,
On thy precious merit alone I depend;
Dwell in me and keep me, I pray.

Thy goodness hath opened the door of
my heart:
'Tis open in welcome to thee;
Come in, blessed Saviour, and never
depart;
Come in, with thy mercy, to me.

From "Songs of Gladness," by permission of Garrigues Bros.

mf *p*

1. Floating through the sunlight that brightens our way, A sweet voice has

f *p* SOLO.

sounded—is sounding to-day; "O ye weary and troubled," it softly says,

f *p* REFRAIN. *f*

"Come; Why longer in pain and sorrow will you roam?" Come, come,

p *f* *p*

come, come, come unto me; All ye that are weary, come un-to me!

2 "Are you weary of sin, of its weight and its pain?
Then come unto me: I can cleanse its deep stain.
Does the thought of your guilt make you fearful and weak?
Come, come unto me: your pardon I will speak."

REF.—Come, come, come, etc.

3 "Are you weary of straying? My own hand shall guide
Your feet in the way where no ill shall betide.
Are you hungry and thirsty? Your soul shall be fed
With the water of life, and with the heavenly bread."

REF.—Come, come, come, etc.

ARTHUR T. PIERSON, D. D.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. The Spir - it and the Bride say, "Come And take the water of life!"
 2. Let ev - ery one who hears say, "Come!" And joy-ful wit-ness give;

Oh bless - ed call! Good news to all Who tire of sin and strife!
 I heard the sound, The stream I found, I drank and now I live.

REFRAIN

The Spir - it says, "Come!" The Bride says, "Come
 The Spir - it and the Bride say, "Come!" The Spirit and the Bride say, "Come

And take of the wa - ter of life free - ly."
 And take the wa - ter of life, of life, The wa - ter of life free - ly."

The Spir - it says, "Come!" The Bride says, "Come
 The Spir - it and the Bride say, "Come!" The Spirit and the Bride say, "Come

The Gospel Call.—Concluded.

And take of the wa - ter of life free - ly."

And take the wa-ter of life, of life, The wa-ter of life free - ly."

3 Ye souls who are athirst, forsake

Your broken cisterns first;

Then come, partake:

One draught will slake

Your soul's consuming thirst.—REF.

4 Yea, whosoever will may come:

Your longings Christ can fill;

The stream is free

To you and me,

And whosoever will.—REF.

96

Art thou Weary.

STEPHEN THE SABAITE.
Tr. by J. M. NEALE.

H. W. BAKER.

1. Art thou wea - ry, art thou lan - guid, Art thou sore dis - tressed?
2. Hath he marks to lead me to him, If he be my guide?

"Come to me," saith One, "and, com - ing, Be at rest."
"In his feet and hands are wound-prints, And his side."

3 Is there diadem, as monarch,

That his brow adorns?

"Yes, a crown in very surety,

But of thorns."

4 If I find him, if I follow,

What his future here?

"Many a sorrow, many a labor,

Many a tear."

5 If I still hold closely to him,

What hath he at last?

"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,

Jordan past."

6 If I ask him to receive me,

Will he say me nay?

"Not till earth and not till heaven

Pass away."

Come, Come to Jesus!

Rev. GEO. B. PECK.

HUBERT P. MAIN. By per.

1. Come, come to Je - sus! He waits to wel - come thee,
2. Come, come to Je - sus! He waits to ran - som thee,

O wand'r'er! ea - ger - ly; Come, come to Je - sus!
O slave! so will - ing - ly; Come, come to Je - sus!

3 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to lighten thee;
O burdened! trustingly
Come, come to Jesus!

4 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to give to thee,
O blind! a vision free;
Come, come to Jesus!

5 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to shelter thee,
O weary! blessedly
Come, come to Jesus!

6 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to carry thee,
O lamb! so lovingly;
Come, come to Jesus!

Child of Sin and Sorrow.

THOS. HASTINGS.

D. C.

1. { Child of sin and sor - row, Filled with dismay, } Heav'n bids thee come While yet
{ Wait not for to - mor - row, Yield thee to - day. } [there's room.]
D. C.—Child of sin and sor - row, Hear and o - bey.

2 Child of sin and sorrow,
Why wilt thou die?
Come while thou canst borrow
Help from on high.
Grieve not that love
Which from above,
Child of sin and sorrow,
Would bring thee nigh.

3 Child of sin and sorrow,
Thy moments glide
Like the flitting arrow
Or the rushing tide.
Ere time is o'er
Heaven's grace implore;
Child of sin and sorrow,
In Christ confide.

Only Trust Him.

Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

J. H. STOCKTON. By per.

1. Come, ev' - ry soul by sin oppressed: There's mercy with the Lord;
2. For Je - sus shed his pre - cious blood Rich blessings to be - stow;

And he will sure - ly give you rest By trust - ing in his word.
Plunge now in - to the crim - son flood That wash - es white as snow.

REFRAIN.

On - ly trust him, on - ly trust him, On - ly trust him now;

He will save you, he will save you, He will save you now.

3 Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way,
That leads you into rest;
Believe in him without delay,
And you are fully blest.—REF.

4 Come, then, and join this holy band,
And on to glory go,
To dwell in that celestial land
Where joys immortal flow.—REF.

Rev. A. A. GRALEY.

A. A. GRALEY. By per.

1. Would you be a Christian child? Give your heart to Je - sus;

Though it be by sin de-filed, Give your heart to Je - sus.

Nev - er will it bet - ter grow, Nev - er hap - pi - ness will know,

Till you to the foun - tain go: Give your heart to Je - sus.

2 Now his loving voice regard:
Give your heart to Jesus;
Though it be both cold and hard,
Give your heart to Jesus.
He can take that heart of thine,
Warm it, melt it, and refine
By the fires of love divine:
Give your heart to Jesus.

3 Stained by sins of crimson hue,
Give your heart to Jesus;
He can cleanse and make it new,
Give your heart to Jesus.
Wait not till another day:
Worse it grows while you delay;
Then the tender call obey:
Give your heart to Jesus.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.

J. H. KURZENKNABE. By per.

1. Call - ing, call - ing! Who is call - ing me? Wait - ing, wait - ing,
2. Lis - ten! lis - ten! "Peace be un - to thee!" Par - don, par - don

REFRAIN.

Kind - ly wait - ing, see. } Oh, this won - drous Strang - er
He is bring - ing me. }

Is the King of kings; 'Tis the loving Saviour, Who sal - va - tion brings.

3 Sweetly, sweetly
Sounds that loving voice:
"Mourner, mourner,
Sin no more! arise!"—REF.

4 Glory, glory,
Praise and victory,
Ever, ever
To my Saviour be!—REF.

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TO-DAY.

1 To-DAY the Saviour calls:
Ye wanderers, come;
Oh, ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam?

2 To-day the Saviour calls:
Oh, hear him now;

Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

3 To-day the Saviour calls:
For refuge fly;
The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh.

4 The Spirit calls to-day:
Yield to his power;
Oh, grieve him not away;
'Tis mercy's hour.

Rev. S. F. Smith

Mrs. F. J. VAN ALSTYNE.

B. C. UNSELD.

1. Come, sin - ner, come! Oh, why, why de - lay? Hear thy Sa - viour calling,
2. Come, sin - ner, come! Oh, grieve not thy Lord; Still he gently calls thee:

haste a - way. Night gath - ers dark, and where wilt thou flee?
trust his word. What though thy sins as crim - son may be?

D. S.—Low at his feet with love meek - ly bow:

FINE. REFRAIN.

Turn, oh, turn to Him who died for thee. } Hasten to the cross! thy
Yet the cleans - ing foun - tain flows for thee. }

Rest in him, and he will save thee now.

D. S.
Sa - viour is there; Ev - ry sin and bur - den he will bear:

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>3 Come, sinner, come! Oh, why wilt thou roam
In the dreary desert far from home,
Hungry and cold, sad and oppressed?
Seek and find in Jesus rest—full rest.</p> | <p>4 Come, sinner, come! Oh, linger no more:
Haste thee now to enter Mercy's door.
Come, sinner, come! The time flies apace: [grace.
Come, or death may close thy day of</p> |
|--|--|

Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP. By per.

1. Come, let us all u - nite to sing, God is love;

Let heav'n and earth their prais - es bring, God is love. Let

ev' - ry soul from sin a - wake, Each in his heart sweet

mu-sic make, And sing with us for Je - sus' sake, For God is love.

2 Oh, tell to earth's remotest bounds,
 God is love;
 In Christ we have redemption found,
 God is love.
 His blood has washed our sins away,
 His Spirit turned our night to day;
 And now we can rejoice to say
 That God is love.

3 How happy is our portion here!
 God is love;
 His promises our spirits cheer;
 God is love.
 He is our sun and shield by day—
 Our help, our hope, our strength and
 He will be with us all the way: [stay;
 Our God is love.

C. WESLEY.

JOHN ZUNDEL. By per.

1. Love di - vine, all love ex - cell-ing, Joy of heav'n to earth come down,

Fix in us thy hum - ble dwelling, All thy faith-ful mer-cies crown.

Je - sus, thou art all com-pan-ssion, Pure, un-bound-ed love thou art;

Vis - it us with thy sal - va-tion, En - ter ev' - ry tremb-ling heart.

2 Breathe, oh breathe, thy loving spirit
 Into every troubled breast;
 Let us all in thee inherit,
 Let us find thy promised rest.
 Come, Almighty to deliver;
 Let us all thy grace receive!
 Suddenly return, and never,
 Nevermore thy temples leave.

3 Finish, then, thy new creation:
 Pure and spotless may we be;
 Let us see our whole salvation
 Perfectly secured by thee,
 Changed from glory into glory
 Till in heaven we take our place—
 Till we cast our crowns before thee,
 Lost in wonder, love and praise.

O. HEGINBOTHAM.

English.



1. Come, shout a - loud the Father's grace, And sing the Saviour's love;



Soon shall you join the glorious theme In loft - ier strains a - bove.



God, the e - ter - nal might - y God, To dear - er names de - scends—



Calls you his treasure and his joy, His chil - dren and his friends.



2 My Father, God! and may these lips
Pronounce a name so dear?
Not thus could heaven's sweet harmony
Delight my listening ear.

Thanks to my God for every gift
His bounteous hands bestow,
And thanks eternal for that love
Whence all those comforts flow.

M. E. THALHEIMER.

J. CRAMER.

1. Thou art my Shepherd, Car - ing for all my need, Thy lit - tle
2. Or if my way lie Where death, o'erhang - ing nigh, My soul would

lamb to feed. Trust - ing thee still, In the green pas - tures low,
ter - ri - fy With sud - den chill, Yet I am not a - fraid:

Where liv - ing wa - ters flow, Safe by thy side I go, Fear - ing no ill.
While soft - ly on my head Thy ten - der hand is laid, I fear no ill.

108

MY SHEPHERD.

- 1 LORD, do not leave me!
I'm but an erring child,
Weak, poor and sin-defiled,
Afraid, alone;
But thou art strong and wise:
No ill can thee surprise;
Beneath thy loving eyes
Danger is none.

- 2 If thou wilt guide me,
Gladly I'll go with thee;
No harm can come to me,
Holding thy hand;
And soon my weary feet,
Safe in the golden street,
Where all who love thee meet,
Redeemed shall stand.

M. E. Thalheimer.

109

JUST NOW.

- 1 Come to Jesus, come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus just now;
Just now come to Jesus.
Come to Jesus just now.
- 2 He will save you, etc.
- 3 He is able, etc.
- 4 He is willing, etc.

- 5 He is waiting, etc.
- 6 He will hear you, etc.
- 7 He will cleanse you, etc.
- 8 He'll renew you, etc.
- 9 He'll forgive you, etc.
- 10 If you trust him, etc.
- 11 He will save you, etc.

E. P. Hammond.

E. H. JOHNSON. By per.

1. Je - sus' arm sus - tains thee: Peace - ful be, peace - ful be;

When a hand re - strains thee, Sure - ly it is he.

Though the world sub - mis - sion spurns, And from faith fol - ly turns,

In his love if thou a - bide, He will be thy guide.

2 Humbly, uncomplaining,
 In his hand, in his hand,
 Leave whatever things thou
 Canst not understand.
 Ever let his wisdom guide,
 And in his love confide:
 Faithful hath he been for years,
 Shaming all thy fears.

3 Whatsoe'er betideth,
 Night or day, night or day,
 Know his love provideth
 Benefits alway.
 Every cross he bids thee take
 Bravely bear for his sake;
 Humbly bending to his will,
 Trust and love him still.

MRS. VAN ALSTYNE.

THEO. F. SEWARD.

1. On - ward now! the trumpet call is sounding; On - ward now! with

ho - ly rap - ture bounding, Heart and voice in har - mo - ny re - sound - ing,

REFRAIN.

Sweetly join the chorus of the skies. Praise our God, who reigneth evermore;

Praise our God: his bless - ed name a - dore. On - ward now! his

might - y love proclaim - ing, Sweet - ly join the cho - rus of the skies.

Onward Now!—Concluded.

2 Onward now! be valiant, brave and daring;
Onward now, the Christian armor wearing;
Onward now! the royal standard bearing,
Let our songs in happy concert rise.

REF.—Praise our God, who reigneth evermore;
Praise our God: his blessed name adore.
Onward now! his mighty love proclaiming,
Sweetly join the chorus of the skies.

3 Onward now! our King has gone before us:
Strong in him, our triumph will be glorious.

Onward now! his loving care is o'er us;
In his hand behold the heavenly prize.—REF.

4 Onward now! be firm and faithful ever;

Onward now, our courage failing never,

Looking home, beyond the silent river—

Looking home, where pleasure never dies.—REF.

112

Praise to the Trinity.

7s.

W. H. MONK.

1. Glo - ry to the Fa - ther give—God, in whom we move and live;

Children's prayers he deigns to hear, Children's songs de-light his ear.

2 Glory to the Son we bring—
Christ, our Prophet, Priest and King;
Children, raise your sweetest strain
To the Lamb, for he was slain.

3 Glory to the Holy Ghost!
He reclaims the sinner lost:

Children's minds may be inspire,
Touch their tongues with holy fire.

4 Glory in the highest be
To the blessed Trinity,
For the gospel from above,
For the word that "God is love."

KNOWLES SHAW.

GEORGE A. MINOR.

1. Sow - ing in the morn - ing, sow - ing seeds of kind - ness,

Sow - ing in the noon-tide and the dew-y eve; Waiting for the har - vest

and the time of reap - ing, We shall come rejoic - ing, bringing in the sheaves.

REFRAIN.

Bring - ing in the sheaves, Bring - ing in the sheaves,

We shall come re - joic - ing, Bringing in the sheaves. Bringing in the sheaves.

Bringing in the Sheaves.—Concluded.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;
By and by the harvest, and, the labor ended,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.—REF.</p> | <p>3 Go, then, ever weeping, sowing for the Master,
Though the loss sustained our spirit often grieves;
When our weeping's over, he will bid us welcome:
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.—REF.</p> |
|--|---|

114 Bright Dawns the Day.

REV. A. TAYLOR.

REV. A. TAYLOR. By per.

1. March on, child of God, heart firm and light; God's love will com-fort thee
2. March on, child of God! Sin may op-pose: Trust God for vic-to-ry

in the dark-est night. Trust him in ev-ery hour, watch, hope and pray;
o-ver all thy foes; Christ's power will o-ver-come death and the grave;

Je-sus will strength-en thee all thy pil-grim way.
Christ reigns in glo-ry now-reigns to bless and save.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>3 March on, child of God! Weary thy way?
Toilsome thy pilgrimage? Brighter dawns the day.
Patient in hope abide—hope, trust and love;
Walk with thy Saviour here, reign with him above.</p> | <p>4 March on, child of God! Heaven shines beyond;
Mansions are waiting thee: nevermore despond.
Here all thy burdens bear, there lay them down;
Jesus will welcome thee with a heaven-ly crown.</p> |
|--|--|

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ANNA SHIPTON.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Press forward and fear not ! The billows may roll, But the power of Je-sus their

rage can control ; Tho' waves rise in anger, their tumult shall cease : One word of his

REFRAIN.

bidding shall hush them to peace. Press forward and fear not ! Be strong in the

Lord, In the pow'r of his promise, the truth of his word ; Thro' the sea and the

des-ert our pathway may tend. But He who hath saved us will save to the end.

Press Forward and Fear Not.—Concluded.

2 Press forward and fear not! Though danger be near,
The Lord is our refuge: whom, then, shall we fear?
His staff is our comfort; our safeguard his rod:
Then let us be steadfast, and trust in our God.—REF.

3 Press forward and fear not! We'll hold on our way,
Why should we e'er shrink from our path in dismay?
We tread but the road which our Leader has trod,
Then let us press forward, and trust in our God.—REF.

116

Fear Not!

E. G. TAYLOR, D. D.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Fear not! God is thy shield, And he thy great reward; His might has won the

REFRAIN.

field: Thy strength is in the Lord. Fear not! 'Tis God's own voice That

speaks to thee this word; Lift up thy head: rejoice In Je - sus Christ thy Lord.

2 Fear not, for God has heard
The cry of thy distress;
The water of his word
Thy fainting soul shall bless.—REF.

3 Fear not! be not dismayed!
He evermore will be

With thee, to give his aid,
And he will strengthen thee.—REF.

4 Fear not, ye little flock;
Your Saviour soon will come,
The glory to unlock
And bring you to his home.—REF.

RAY PALMER.

BEETHOVEN.

1. Take me, O my Fa - ther, take me! Take me; save me, through thy Son;
2. Fruit-less years with grief re - call - ing, Hum-bly I con - fess my sin;

That which thou wouldst have me make me: Let thy will in me be done.
At thy feet, O Fa - ther, fall - ing, To thy house - hold take me in.

Long from thee my foot - steps straying, Thorn-y proved the way I trod;
Free - ly now to thee I prof - fer This re - lent - ing heart of mine;

Wea - ry come I now, and pray - ing: Take me to thy love, my God.
Free - ly life and soul I of - fer—Gift un - wor - thy love like thine.

3 Once the world's Redeemer, dying,
Bare our sins upon the tree;
On that sacrifice relying,
Now I look in hope to thee.

Father, take me, all forgiving,
Fold me to thy loving breast!
In thy love for ever living,
I must be for ever blest.

118 Now the Sowing and the Weeping.

Miss F. R. HAVERGAL.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK. By per.

1. Now the sow - ing and the weep - ing, Work - ing hard and wait - ing long;

Af - ter - ward the gold - en reap - ing, Har - vest - home and grate - ful song.

REFRAIN.

Then work, work for Je - sus; Toil through the cloud or sun

Till the Mas - ter bids thee rest From labor when thy work is done.

2 Now the pruning, sharp, unsparring,
Scattered blossom, bleeding shoot;
Afterward the plenteous bearing
Of the Master's pleasant fruit.—REF.

3 Now the long and toilsome duty,
Stone by stone to carve and bring;
Afterward the perfect beauty
Of the palace of the King.—REF.

4 Now the spirit conflict-riven,
Wounded heart, unequal strife;
Afterward the triumph given,
And the victor-crown of life.—REF.

5 Now the training, strange and lowly,
Unexplained and tedious now;
Afterward the service holy,
And the Master's "Enter thou!"—REF.

EL NATHAN.

JAMES McGRANAHAN. By per.

1. Ring out the word from Christ the Lord—Our Cap-tain in the skies—
2. He'll give the grace to win the race To him who brave-ly tries;

To all the saved who have believed: "Press toward the mark for the prize!"
For Je-sus' sake the mes-sage take: "Press toward the mark for the prize!"

REFRAIN.

Press toward the mark for the prize! Press toward the mark for the prize!

Press toward the mark for the prize! Press toward the mark for the prize!..

Let us suffer with him, and the "Well done" win: Press toward the mark for the prize!

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>3 Keep, then, the road: fight on for God,
Though enemies arise;
The Lord with thee thy strength shall
be:
"Press toward the mark for the
prize!—REF.</p> | <p>4 Bear, then, the cross: count all things
loss;
On Jesus fix your eyes;
Till Christ has come, till heaven is won,
"Press toward the mark for the
prize!"—REF.</p> |
|---|--|

REV. GEORGE DUFFIELD.

B. C. UNSELD.

1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross! Lift
2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! The trum - pet - call o - bey; Forth

high his roy - al ban - ner: It must not suf - fer loss. From
to the might - y con - flict, In this his glo - rious day. "Ye

victory un - to vic - tory His ar - my shall he lead Till
that are men, now serve him" A - gainst un - numbered foes; Your

ev - ry foe is van - quished And Christ is Lord in - deed.
courage rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength op - pose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus!

Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own.
Put on the gospel-armor,
And watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus!

The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle;
The next, the victor's song.
To him that overcometh
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

MARY C. SEWARD.

THEO. F. SEWARD.

1. Hear the Master say, "Go and work to-day, For the lab'ers still are few."

REF.—D. C. Hear the Master say, "Go and work to-day, For the lab'ers still are few."

Shall his earnest cry pass un - heed - ed by, When there's work for all to do? FINE.

Shall his earnest cry pass un - heed - ed by, When there's work for all to do?

He has need of thee, and his urgent plea is, "The harvest now is white;"

Let us quickly haste, lest the sheaves lie waste, For too soon will come the night. D. C.

2 Go! the hungry feed, and the weary
 lead
 To the rest of Jesus' love.
 Though your strength be small, God is
 over all
 With a blessing from above.
 Seek for souls to win from the ways of
 sin;
 Work with cheerful heart, and true:
 And the jewels rare, that have been
 your care,
 Shall at last be given to you.

3 Go and work to-day! Oh, do not de-
 lay,
 For the night is coming on;
 And the least you do shall be blest to
 you,
 If for Jesus it is done.
 Though the seeds that fall may be few
 and small,
 They shall not be sown in vain:
 In the garnered sheaves, which the Lord
 receives,
 Will be found the ripened grain.

W. H. KIRBY.

JOHN HEYWOOD.

f

1. Forth to the fight, ye ransomed! Might-y in God's own might,

Stemming the tide of bat - tle, Rout-ing the hosts of night.

f REFRAIN.

Lift ye the blood - red ban - ner, Wield ye the Spir-it's sword,

Raise ye the Christian's war-cry: "The cross of Christ the Lord!" A - men.

2 Fight, for the Lord is o'er you—
Fight, for he bids you fight:
There where the fray is thickest
Close with the hosts of night.—REF.

3 Fear not the din of battle:
Follow where he has trod,
Perfecting strength in weakness—
Jesus, incarnate God.—REF.

S. BARING-GOULD.

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

1. Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. Like a mighty ar - my Moves the Church of God: Brothers, we are treading

Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads against the foe:
Where the saints have trod. We are not di - vid - ed; All one bod - y we -

REFRAIN.

Forward in - to bat - tle See his ban - ners go. }
One in hope, in doc - trine, One in char - i - ty. } Onward, Christian sol - diers,

Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

3 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail:
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.—REF.

4 Onward, then, ye faithful,
Join our happy throng;
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song.
"Glory, land and honor
Unto Christ the King"—
This, through countless ages
Men and angels sing.—REF.

Mrs. F. J. VAN ALSTYNE.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Gath-er them in, for there yet is room At the feast that the King has spread ;

Oh, gather them in—let his house be filled, And the hungry and poor be fed.

REFRAIN.

Out in the high-way, out in the by - way, Out in the dark paths of sin,

Go forth, go forth, with a lov - ing heart, And gather the wand'ers in.

2 Gather them in, for there yet is room ;
 But our hearts how they throb with
 pain
 To think of the many who slight the
 call
 That may never be heard again !

REF.—Out in the highway, etc.

3 Gather them in, for there yet is
 room :

'Tis a message from God above ;
 Oh, gather them in to the fold of
 grace,
 And the arms of the Saviour's love.

REF.—Out in the highway, etc.

MARY C. SEWARD.

P. P. BLISS. By per.

1. Each day to live for Je - sus! How bless - ed life would be,
2. Each day to speak for Je - sus, With sym - pa - thy and love,

If grate - ful - ly, dear Sa - viour, We gave each day to thee!
To those who're sorely tempt - ed, And bid them look a - bove,

Thy love to us, so bound - less, We nev - er can re - pay,
Where Christ, the on - ly Ref - uge, Is wait - ing to re - ceive

But we a lov - ing ser - vice May ren - der day by day.
All those who need a help - er, And on his name be - lieve.

3 Each day to work for Jesus—
To try, for his dear sake,
Wherever he has placed us,
The bread of life to break;
To do some deed of kindness,
Another's burden bear,
And with the poor and needy
Our blessings freely share.

4 Then help us all, dear Saviour,
This blessed life to know—
Our hearts with love o'erflowing,
Each day like thee to grow;
Thy Spirit dwelling in us,
May this our mission be—
In consecrated serviee
To give ourselves to thee.

DUET.

1. Who hath sor-row? who hath woe? Who hath babbling? who hath strife?

Who to swift de-struc-tion go, Turn-ing from the path of life?

p REFRAIN.

Who hath sor-row? who hath woe? They that tar-ry long at the wine.

Who hath sor-row? who hath woe? They that tar-ry long at the wine.

2 They that tarry at the wine,
They that love the feast and song,
They that fiery drinks combine,
Early haste and tarry long.—REF.

3 Drinker, turn, and leave the bowl:
Drunkards cannot enter heav'n.
Christ hath died to save thy soul;
Flee to him, and be forgiven.—REF.

A. W. FRENCH.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Yield not to the tempter; Pass by and be free; For yielding is ru - in

And sor-row for thee. Why should you now bar-ter The jew-el of youth

REFRAIN.

With shame for your honor And wrong for the truth? Yield not to the tempter;

Pass by and be free; For yielding is ru - in and sor-row for thee.

2 Yield not to the tempter;
Turn quickly away;
Go mingle with honor
In life's busy fray.
Fall not from your station,
Whatever it be;
Keep clear from the danger
That beckons to thee.—REF.

3 Yield not to the tempter;
Be firm and be true;
And God in your weakness
Your strength shall renew.
To him your petition
Send up day by day;
God giveth the victory:
Watch then while you pray.—REF.



1 AWAKE, my soul! stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

4 Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,
Have I my race begun,
And, crowned with victory, at thy feet
I'll lay my laurels down.
Ph. Doddridge.

129

LABAN. S. M.



1 My soul, be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise;
And hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 Oh, watch and fight and pray!
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
Thine arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
Up to his blest abode.
G. Heath.

130

BISHOP. L. M.



1 Go, labor on; spend and be spent,
Thy joy to do the Father's will;
It is the way the Master went:
Should not the servant tread it still?

2 Go, labor on; 'tis not for naught:
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain.
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee
not;
The Master praises: what are men?

3 Go, labor on, enough, while here,
If he shall praise thee—if he deign
Thy willing heart to mark and cheer;
No toil for him shall be in vain.

4 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice:
For toil comes rest; for exile, home.
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's
voice,
The midnight peal: "Behold, I
come!"
H. Bonar.

131

STOCKWELL. 8s & 7s.



1 HE that goeth forth with weeping,
Bearing precious seed in love,
Never tiring, never sleeping,
Findeth mercy from above.

2 Soft descend the dews of heaven,
Bright the rays celestial shine;
Precious fruits will thus be given
Through an influence all divine.

3 Sow thy seed; be never weary;
Let no fears thy soul annoy;
Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,
Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.

4 Lo! the scene of verdure brightening,
See the rising grain appear.
Look again: the fields are whitening,
For the harvest-time is near.
Thos. Hastings.

132

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.



1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey sweetly sing—
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 We are traveling home to God
In the way our fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Fear not, brethren; joyful stand
On the borders of our land;
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
Bids us undismayed go on.
John Cenick.

W. STEVENSON.

WM. STEVENSON.

1. Hark! the temperance bells are ring-ing; Joy-ous mu - sic fills the air;

Strength and hope their tones are bring-ing To the homes where dwelt despair.

REFRAIN.

Hear the bells— joy-ous bells!— Chime the an-them of the free;

Hear the bells— joy-ous bells!—

Hear the bells— mer-ry bells!— Sound the temperance jubi-lee.

Hear the bells— Merry bells!—

2 Long the tyrant foe hath taken
 Cherished loved ones for his own;
 Now his cruel power is shaken:
 Soon will fall his tottering throne.

REF.—Hear the bells, etc.

3 Brothers, come! the hosts are forming;
 Sisters, join the proud array;
 Bright the hills with tints of morning,
 Dawning of a better day.

REF.—Hear the bells, etc.

- 1 WORK, for the night is coming:
Work through the morning hours;
Work while the dew is sparkling;
Work 'mid springing flowers;
Work when the day grows brighter;
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.
- 2 Work, for the night is coming:
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor:
Rest comes sure and soon;
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.
- 3 Work, for the night is coming
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies;
Work till the last beam fade—
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

Dyer.

135 VIGIL. S. M.



- 1 YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of his heavenly word,
And watchful at his gate.
- 2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins as in his sight,
For awful is his name.
- 3 Watch! 'tis your Lord's command;
And while we speak he's near:
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.
- 4 Oh, happy servant he,
In such a posture found;
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned.

Ph. Doddridge.

- 1 THE Lord my Shepherd is:
I shall be well supplied;
Since he is mine and I am his,
What can I want beside?
- 2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.
- 3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.
- 4 While he affords his aid
I cannot yield to fear;
Though I should walk through
death's dark shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.
- 5 Amid surrounding foes
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.
- 6 The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my following days;
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

Isaac Watts.

137 KENTUCKY. S. M.



- 1 A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.
- 2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill—
Oh, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And oh, thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die.

Charles Wesley.

ARTHUR COTTMAN.

German.

1. We plough the fields and scat - ter The good seed on the land,

But it is fed and wa - tered By God's al-might - y hand; He

sends the snow in win - ter, The warmth to swell the grain, The breezes and the

REFRAIN.

sun - shine And soft re - freshing rain. All good gifts a - round us Are

sent from heav'n above; Then thank the Lord—oh, thank the Lord—For all his love!

We Plough the Fields.—Concluded.

2 He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star;
The winds and waves obey him,
By him the birds are fed;
Much more to us, his children,
He gives our daily bread.

3 We thank thee, then, O Father,
For all things bright and good—
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food.
Accept the gift we offer
For all thy love imparts,
And, what thou most desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts.

139

On the Mountain's Top.

8s, 7s & 4.

Rev. T. KELLY.

H. SMART.

1. On the mountain's top ap-pear-ing, Lo! the sa-cred herald stands,
2. Has thy night been long and mournful? Have thy friends unfaithful proved?

Welcome news to Zi-on bearing— Zi-on long in hostile lands.
Have thy foes been proud and scornful, By thy sighs and tears unmoved?

Mourning captive! Mourning captive! God himself will loose thy bands.
Cease thy mourning, Cease thy mourning: Zi-on still is well beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He himself appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end;
Great deliverance
Zion's King vouchsafes to send.

4 Enemies no more shall trouble;
All thy wrongs shall be redressed;
For thy shame thou shalt have double,
In thy Maker's favor blessed;
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

Mrs. F. J. VAN ALSTYNE.

THEO. F. SEWARD.

1. Go bear the joy-ful tid-ings That first on Ju-dah's plain
2. Go in your Master's vine-yard, And la-bor heart and hand;

A - woke the wond'ring shepherds To praise Mes-si-ah's name;
The word of life e - ter - nal Pro - claim to ev' - ry land -

Ex - alt the King of glo - ry, Who left his throne on high
The sweet and pre - cious prom - ise To all who will be - lieve:

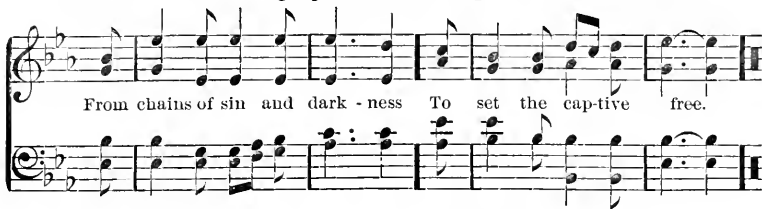
And came on earth, a ran - som, For guilt - y man to die.
Free grace and full sal - va - tion For all who will re - ceive.

REFRAIN.

Go sound the gos - pel trum - pet Be - yond the roll - ing sea,

Copyright, 1863, by Biglow & Main, in "New Golden Shower."

Go Bear the Joyful Tidings—Concluded.



3 Go tell the broken spirit
That vainly sighs for rest
There is a home in glory—
A home for ever blest;
Go bring the lost to Jesus,
His tender love to share;
Go forth to every nation:
Immortal souls are there.—REF.

4 Hasten on your work of mercy:
The heavenly call obey;
Go in the strength of Jesus,
The true and living Way;
Go like the old disciples,
And tread the path they trod.
Your duty lies before you;
Go! Leave the rest to God.—REF.

141 MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s & 6s.



1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high—
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

Reginald Heber.

142 WEBB. 7s & 6s.



1 THE morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears.
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above,
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel-call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay—
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

S. F. Smith.

GEORGE COOPER.

H. MILLARD.

1. Give! 'tis the Saviour's pre - cept— Give from your bounteous store;
2. Give, for your gifts are wel - come; Give, though the gift be small;

Give to the poor and need - y: Glad - ly your offerings pour!
Give, for a will - ing giv - er God loveth best of all.

SOLO.

Round us our hungry broth - ers Ask of our kind - ly hand;
None are so poor and need - y That they can nothing spare;

TUTTI.

Ev - er the cry of sor - row Eeh - oes thro'out the land.
Hark to the cries for pit - y, Hark to the or - phan's prayer.

REFRAIN.

Give! Give! Give to the poor and need - y:

Give! 'tis the Saviour's Precept.—Concluded.

God will re-pay your love; Give! Give!

Give, and your bless-ed treas-ures Lay ye up in heaven a - bove.

144

Cheerfully Give.

F. E. BELDEN.

W. J. BASTWICK.

1. Cheer-ful - ly give, cheer-ful - ly give— Give for the cause of the Lord.
 2. Cheer-ful - ly give, cheer-ful - ly give; Lay up your treasures a - bove.
 3. Cheer-ful - ly give, cheer-ful - ly give— Give with a lib - er - al hand.

Give from the heart, and willingly too; Give as the Lord hath giv-en to you;
 All that you give is written on high; Riches be - yond for you it will buy—
 Give for the cause of Je - sus, your Friend: God will return you more than you lend:

Something for Je - sus you all may do; Blessings shall be your re - ward.
 Rich - es e - ter - nal in you - der sky. Give for the Master in love.
 Blessings di - vine un - to you will send. Give with a lib - er - al hand.

Mrs. HERRICK JOHNSON.

THEO. F. SEWARD By per.

1. Happy are we—God's own little flock—Sheltered so close in the cleft of the Rock.

Far a - bove storm or dan - ger or shock, Happy are we in Je - sus.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 What shall we do for the Master so dear?
Oh, there are many in need of our cheer,
Souls that know nothing but darkness
and fear—
Souls in the dark without Jesus.</p> | <p>4 Over the mountains and over the seas,
Lovingly, joyfully, speed we to these,
Seeking to save them by tenderest
pleas—
Save by the blood of Jesus.</p> |
| <p>3 Many he has who are not of this fold,
Out in the storm and the pitiless cold;
These we will win by our prayers and
our gold—
Win them to love our Jesus.</p> | <p>5 Joyfully, then, let us spread the glad
news:
Never this service for Jesus refuse;
Never a moment to work for him lose.
Joyfully work for Jesus.</p> |

GROTON. C M.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 JESUS, immortal King, arise—
Rise and assert thy sway,
Till earth, subdued, its tribute bring,
And distant lands obey.</p> | <p>And all the powers of hell resign
Their trophies at thy feet.</p> |
| <p>2 Ride forth, victorious Conqueror, ride,
Till all thy foes submit,</p> | <p>3 Send forth thy word, and let it fly
This spacious earth around,
Till every soul beneath the sun
Shall hear the joyful sound.</p> |
| | <p>4 From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
May Jesus be adored,
And earth, with all her millions, shout
Hosannas to the Lord.</p> |

A. C. H. Seymour.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL ABR.

F. A. MANN.

1 Standing at the port - al of the opening year, Words of com-fort meet us,

hushing ev - ery fear, Spoken through the silence by our Father's voice,

REFRAIN.

Tender, strong and faithful, mak-ing us re - joice. On - ward, then, and fear not,

children of the day, For his word shall never, never pass a - way. A - men.

2 For the year before us oh what rich supplies!

For the poor and needy living streams shall rise;

For the sad and sinful shall his grace abound;

For the faint and feeble perfect strength be found.

REFRAIN.—Onward, then, etc.

3 He will never fail us, he will not forsake;

His eternal covenant he will never break.

Resting on his promise, what have we to fear?

God is all-sufficient for the coming year.

REFRAIN.—Onward, then, etc.

f

1. { Je - sus the wa - ter of life will give, Free - ly, free - ly, free - ly,
Come to that fountain, oh drink and live, Free - ly, free - ly, free - ly,

f

Je - sus the wa - ter of life will give Free - ly to those that love him.
Come to that fountain, oh drink and live, Flowing for those that

Duett. *Chorus.* *Duett.*

love him. The Spir - it and the Bride say come, Free - ly, free - ly, free - ly; And

Chorus.

he that is thirst - y, let him come And drink of the wa - ter of life.

FULL CHORUS.

The fountain of life is flow - ing, Flow - ing, free - ly flow - ing, The

The Water of Life—Concluded.

fountain of life is flow - ing, Is flowing for you and for me.

2 Jesus has promised a home in heaven,
 Freely, freely, freely,
 Jesus has promised a home in heaven,
 Freely to those that love him;
 Treasures unfading will there be given,
 Freely, freely, freely,
 Treasures unfading will there be given,
 Freely to those that love him.

REF.—The Spirit, etc.

3 Jesus has promised a robe of white,
 Freely, freely, freely,
 Jesus has promised a robe of white,
 Freely to those that love him;

Kingdoms of glory and crowns of light,
 Freely, freely, freely,
 Kingdoms of glory and crowns of light,
 Freely to those that love him.

REF.—The Spirit, etc.

4 Jesus has promised a calm repose,
 Freely, freely, freely,
 Jesus has promised a calm repose,
 Freely to all that love him;
 Come to the water of life that flows,
 Freely, freely, freely,
 Come to the water of life that flows,
 Freely to all that love him.

REF.—The Spirit, etc.

149 With Broken Heart.

CORNELIUS ELVIN.

Arr. by GEO. KINGSLEY.

1. With broken heart and contrite sigh, A trembling sin-ner, Lord, I cry:
 2. I smite up-on my troubled breast, With deep and conscious guilt oppressed;

Thy pardoning grace is rich and free: O God! be mer-ci-ful to me!
 Christ and his cross my on-ly plea; O God! be mer-ci-ful to me!

3 Far off I stand with tearful eyes,
 Nor dare uplift them to the skies;
 But thou dost all my anguish see;
 O God! be merciful to me!

4 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done,
 Can for a single sin atone;
 To Calvary alone I flee;
 O God! be merciful to me!

Suffer Little Children.

SOLO.

Words and Music by S. C. FOSTER.

1. What did our Lord and Sa - viour say When oth - ers wished to drive us a - way ?

REFRAIN.

Suf - fer lit - tle children to come un - to me : Of such is the king - dom of heav - en.

2 What did he say who from above
Came down to teach us kindness and
love ?

REFRAIN.—Suffer, etc.

3 What were the words of him who bled,
Nailed to the cross, with thorns on his
head ?

REFRAIN.—Suffer, etc.

4 What did he say whose Spirit shed
Hope for the living, life for the
dead ?

REFRAIN.—Suffer, etc.

5 If on his mercy we rely,
What will his words be when we
die ?

REFRAIN.—Suffer, etc.

From the "Athenaeum Coll.," by per.

The Children's Saviour.

R. P. CLARK.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Je - sus is our lov - ing Sa - viour, He our best, our con - stant, Friend ;
2. Je - sus is the sinners' Sa - viour : 'Twas for them he shed his blood ;

In his service life is pleas - ure, For he loveth to the end. Loving Saviour,
Died that poor and needy sin - ners Might be reconciled to God. Dy - ing Saviour,

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The Children's Saviour.—Concluded.

Ritard.

Loving Saviour, Here we at thy footstool bend, Here we at thy footstool bend,
 By - ing Saviour, Bearing thus our sinful load, Bearing thus our sinful load.

3 Jesus is the children's Saviour.
 "Suffer them," he says, "to come;"
 If they seek his face and favor,
 They shall share his heavenly home,
 Risen Saviour!
 Nevermore from thee to roam.

4 Loving, suffering, dying Saviour,
 Risen, glorious on thy throne,
 Hasten the day when every idol
 Shall by truth be overthrown,
 And the kingdoms
 Of the earth to thee belong.

152

LEBANON. S. M. D.

- 1 I WAS a wandering sheep;
 I did not love the fold;
 I did not love my Shepherd's voice;
 I would not be controlled.
 I was a wayward child;
 I did not love my home;
 I did not love my Father's voice;
 I loved afar to roam.
- 2 The Shepherd sought his sheep,
 The Father sought his child;
 He followed me o'er vale and hill,
 O'er deserts waste and wild.
 He found me nigh to death,
 Famished and faint and lone;
 He bound me with the bands of love,
 He saved the wandering one.
- 3 Jesus my Shepherd is;
 'Twas he that loved my soul,
 'Twas he that washed me in his blood,
 'Twas he that made me whole;
 'Twas he that sought the lost,
 That found the wandering sheep;
 'Twas he that brought me to the fold,
 'Tis he that still doth keep.
- 4 No more a wandering sheep,
 I love to be controlled;
 I love my tender Shepherd's voice;
 I love the peaceful fold.
 No more a wayward child,
 I seek no more to roam;
 I love my heavenly Father's voice,
 I love, I love his home.

H. Bonar.

153

OLIVET. 6s & 4s.

- 1 MY faith looks up to thee,
 Thou Lamb of Calvary,
 Saviour divine!
 Now hear me while I pray:
 Take all my guilt away;
 Oh, let me from this day
 Be wholly thine.
- 2 May thy rich grace impart
 Strength to my fainting heart,
 My zeal inspire;
 As thou hast died for me,
 Oh, may my love to thee
 Pure, warm and changeless be,
 A living fire.
- 3 While life's dark maze I tread,
 And griefs around me spread,
 Be thou my Guide;
 Bid darkness turn to day,
 Wipe sorrow's tears away,
 Nor let me ever stray
 From thee aside.
- 4 When ends life's transient dream,
 When death's cold, sullen stream
 Shall o'er me roll,
 Blest Saviour, then in love
 Fear and distrust remove;
 Oh, bear me safe above,
 A ransomed soul.

Ray Palmer.

1. Gen - tle Je - sus, Sa - viour mild, Hear thy low - ly,

sup - pliant child : Noth - ing bring I to thy feet,

Naught for thine ac - cept - anee meet But a soul for

sin dis-tressed : Gen - tle Je - sus, give it rest.

2 In this dreary vale below
 Thou hast trod a path of woe;
 Thou hast known the dreadful power
 Of the tempter's evil hour;
 Felt the time of gloom and fear;
 Shed, like us, the bitter tear.

3 Now I bend before thy throne,
 All my guilt and folly own;
 Yet with earnest heart I plead
 Comfort, pardon in my need;
 This my plea, and naught beside:
 Gentle Jesus, thou hast died.

W. W. How.

SAMUEL SMITH.

1. Sum-mer suns are glow - ing O - ver land and sea; Hap - py light is
2. God's free mer-cy stream-eth O - ver all the world, And his ban-ner

flow - ing, Boun - ti - ful and free, Ev' - ry-thing re - joic - es
gleam-eth, Ev' - rywhere un - furled. Broad and deep and glo - rious,

In the mel-low rays; All earth's thousand voices Swell the psalm of praise.
As the heaven above, Shines in might victorious His e - ter-nal love.

3 Lord, upon our blindness
Thy pure radiance pour;
For thy loving-kindness
Makes us love thee more.
And when clouds are drifting
Dark across our sky,
Then, the veil uplifting,
Father, be thou nigh.

4 We will never doubt thee,
Though thou veil thy light:
Life is dark without thee;
Death with thee is bright.
Light of light, shine o'er us
On our pilgrim way;
Go thou still before us
To the endless day.

MARTYN. 7s. D.

- 1 JESUS, Lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh receive my soul at last.
- 2 Other refuge have I none:
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;

Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

Chas. Wesley.

1. Sa-viour, teach me day by day Love's sweet les-son to o-bey;
2. With a child-like heart of love At thy bid-ding may I move,

Sweet-er les-son can-not be, Lov-ing him who first loved me.
Prompt to serve and fol-low thee, Lov-ing him who first loved me.

3 Teach me all thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in thy grace;
Learning how to love from thee,
Loving him who first loved me.

4 Thus may I rejoice to show
That I feel the love I owe;
Singing, till thy face I see,
Of his love who first loved me.

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1. Lead, kindly Light, a-mid th' encircling gloom, Lead thou me on:

The night is dark, and I am far from home, Lead thou me on.

Lead, Kindly Light.—Concluded.

Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see

The dis - tant scene: one step e - nough for me.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that
 thou
 Shouldst lead me on;
 I loved to choose and see my path; but
 now
 Lead thou me on.
 I loved the garish day, and, spite of
 fears,
 Pride ruled my will: remember not
 past years.</p> | <p>3 So long thy power hast blest me, sure
 it still
 Will lead me on
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor-
 rent, till
 The night is gone,
 And with the morn those angel-faces
 smile
 Which I have loved long since and lost
 a while.</p> |
|---|--|

159

HORTON. 7s.

- 1 JESUS, all-atoning Lamb,
 Thine, and only thine, I am;
 Take my body, spirit, soul;
 Only thou possess the whole.
- 2 Thou my one thing needful be:
 Let me ever cleave to thee;
 Let me choose the better part:
 Let me give thee all my heart.
- 3 Whom have I on earth below?
 Thee, and only thee, I know;
 Whom have I in heaven but thee?
 Thou art all in all to me.

Chas. Wesley.

160

NAOMI. C. M.

- 1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
 Thy sovereign will denies,
 Accepted at thy throne of grace,
 Let this petition rise:
- 2 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
 From every murmur free;
 The blessings of thy grace impart,
 And make me live to thee.
- 3 "Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
 My life and death attend; [shine,
 Thy presence through my journey
 And crown my journey's end."

Anna Steele.

MARY C. SEWARD.

MARY C. SEWARD.

1. Why shouldst thou longer knock At the door of my soul? Dear Saviour, en- ter

REFRAIN.

in: Thou a-lone canst make me whole. En-ter in, en-ter in At the

door of my soul; En-ter in, blessed Lord: Thou alone canst make me whole.

2 I know thou art the life,
Flowing full, flowing free;
Come, Jesus, and abide;
All my hopes are fixed on thee.
REF.—Enter in, etc.

3 Oh, hide my life in thine,
Let me seek but thy will,
All self to sacrifice,
And thy law of love fulfill.
REF.—Enter in, etc.

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HAYDN. S. M.

- 1 BLEST Comforter divine,
Let rays of heavenly love
Amid our gloom and darkness shine,
And guide our souls above.
- 2 Draw with thy "still small voice"
From every sinful way,
And bid the mourning saint rejoice
Though earthly joys decay.
- 3 By thine inspiring breath
Make every cloud of care,
And e'en the gloomy vale of death,
A smile of glory wear.

163

FULTON. 7s.

- 1 GRACIOUS Spirit, Love divine,
Let thy light within me shine;
All my guilty fears remove:
Fill me with thy heavenly love.
- 2 Speak thy pardoning grace to me:
Set the burdened sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God;
Wash me in his precious blood.
- 3 Life and peace to me impart;
Seal salvation on my heart;
Breathe thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

164 SHEPHERD. 8s, 7s & 4.

- 1 SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us:
 Much we need thy tenderest care;
 In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
 For our use thy folds prepare.
 Blessed Jesus,
 Thou hast bought us; thine we are.
- 2 We are thine: do thou befriend us;
 Be the guardian of our way;
 Keep thy flock; from sin defend us;
 Seek us when we go astray.
 Blessed Jesus,
 Hear, oh hear us, when we pray.
- 3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
 Poor and sinful though we be;
 Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
 Grace to cleanse and power to free.
 Blessed Jesus,
 We will early turn to thee.
- 4 Early let us seek thy favor,
 Early let us do thy will;
 Blessed Lord and only Saviour,
 With thy love our bosoms fill.
 Blessed Jesus,
 Thou hast loved us, love us still.
Dorothy A. Thrupp.

165 MAITLAND. C. M.



- 1 MUST Jesus bear the cross alone
 And all the world go free?
 No! There's a cross for every one,
 And there's a cross for me.
- 2 How happy are the saints above
 Who once went sorrowing here!
 But now they taste unmingled love,
 And joy without a tear.
- 3 The consecrated cross I'll bear
 Till death shall set me free,
 And then go home my crown to wear;
 For there's a crown for me.

G. N. Allen.

166 SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

- 1 SWEET hour of prayer, sweet hour of
 prayer,
 That calls me from a world of care,
 And bids me at my Father's throno
 Make all my wants and wishes known.
 In seasons of distress and grief,
 My soul has often found relief,
 And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
 By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.
- 2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of
 prayer,
 Thy wings shall my petition bear
 To Him whose truth and faithfulness
 Engage the waiting soul to bless;
 And since he bids me seek his face,
 Believe his word and trust his grace,
 I'll cast on him my every care,
 And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.
W. W. Walford.

167 NEWBOLD. C. M.



- 1 FATHER of mercies, in thy word
 What endless glory shines!
 For ever be thy name adored
 For these celestial lines.
- 2 Here may the wretched sons of want
 Exhaustless riches find—
 Riches above what earth can grant,
 And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
 Spreads heavenly peace around,
 And life and everlasting joys
 Attend the blissful sound.
- 4 Oh, may these heavenly pages be
 My ever dear delight,
 And still new beauties may I see,
 And still increasing light.
- 5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
 Be thou for ever near;
 Teach me to love thy sacred word
 And view my Saviour there.

Anna Steele.

H. BONAR.

MARO L. BARTLETT.

1. Ho - ly Fa - ther, hear my cry, Ho - ly Sa - viour, bend thine ear;
2. Fa - ther, save me from my sin; Sa - viour, I thy mer - cy crave;

Ho - ly Spir - it, come thou nigh; Fa - ther, Sa - viour, Spir - it, hear!
Gra - cious Spir - it, make me clean: Fa - ther, Son and Spir - it, save!

3 Father, let me taste thy love;
Saviour, fill my soul with peace;
Spirit, come my heart to move;
Father, Son and Spirit, bless!

4 Father, Son and Spirit—thou
One Jehovah—shed abroad
All thy grace within me now;
Be my Father and my God.

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169 WHAT A FRIEND. 8s, 7s. D.

1 WHAT a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer!

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness:
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge!
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Do thy friends despise, forsake thee:
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In his arms he'll take and shield thee;
Thou wilt find a solace there.

H. Bonar.

170 DENNIS. S. M.

1 How gentle God's commands!
How kind his precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.

2 Beneath his watchful eye
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears all Nature up
Shall guard his children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

4 His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day;
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

P. Doddridge.

E. CASWALL.

JOSEPH BARNEY.

1. When morn-ing gilds the skies, My heart, a - wak - ing, cries,
2. The night be - comes as day When from the heart we say,

"May Je - sus Christ be praised!" A - like at work and prayer,
"May Je - sus Christ be praised!" The powers of dark-ness fear

To Je - sus I re - pair: "May Je - sus Christ be praised!"
When this sweet chant they hear: "May Je - sus Christ be praised!"

3 In heaven's eternal bliss
The loveliest strain is this:
"Let Jesus Christ be praised!"
Let earth and sea and sky
From depth to height reply:
"May Jesus Christ be praised!"

4 Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle divine:
"May Jesus Christ be praised!"
Be this th' eternal song
Through all the ages on:
"May Jesus Christ be praised!"

ZEBULON. H. M.

1 O THOU that hearest prayer,
Attend our humble cry,
And let thy servants share
Thy blessings from on high.
We plead the promise of thy word;
Grant us thy Holy Spirit, Lord.

2 If earthly parents hear
Their children when they cry—
If they, with love sincere,
Their varied wants supply—

Much more wilt thou thy love display,
And answer when thy children pray.

3 Our heavenly Father, thou;
We, children of thy grace;
Oh, let thy Spirit now
Descend and fill the place;
So shall we feel the heavenly flame,
And all unite to praise thy name.

4 Oh, send thy Spirit down
On all the nations, Lord,
With great success to crown
The preaching of thy word,
Till heathen lands shall own thy sway
And cast their idol-gods away.

J. Burton.

173 Crown Him with Many Crowns.

MATTHEW BRIDGES.

G. J. ELVEY.

1. Crown him with many crowns, The Lamb upon his throne; Hark! how the heavenly

an-them drowns All mu-sic but its own! A-wake, my soul, and sing Of

him who died for thee, And hail him as thy matchless King Through all eternity.

2 Crown him, the Lord of peace,
Whose power a sceptre sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease
And all be prayer and praise.
His reign shall know no end,
And round his piercèd feet
Fair flowers of paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

3 Crown him, the Lord of years,
The Potentate of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably sublime.
All hail, Redeemer, hail!
For thou hast died for me;
Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout eternity.

174 EVEN ME. 8s, 7s & 4.

1 LORD, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering full and free—
Showers the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some droppings fall on me.

REF.—Even me, even me!
Let some droppings fall on me.

2 Pass me not, O gracious Father,
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st pass me, but the rather
Let thy mercy light on me.—REF.

3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour!
Let me love and cling to thee;
I am longing for thy favor:
When thou comest call for me.—REF.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me.—REF.

5 Have I long in sin been sleeping,
Long been slighting, grieving thee?
Has the world my heart been keeping?
Oh, forgive and rescue me.—REF.

Mrs. E. Codnet.

I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY. 7s & 6s.

- 1 I LOVE to tell the story
Of unseen things above—
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love.
I love to tell the story,
Because I know 'tis true;
It satisfies my longings
As nothing else can do.

REF.—I love to tell the story :
'Twill be my theme in glory—
To tell the old, old story
Of Jesus and his love.

- 2 I love to tell the story :
More wonderful it seems
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams.
I love to tell the story,
It did so much for me ;
And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee.—REF.

- 3 I love to tell the story :
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the story,
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own holy word.—REF.

- 4 I love to tell the story,
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the new, new song,
'Twill be the old, old story
That I have loved so long.—REF.
Catharine Hankey.

176

Tune.—I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

- 1 I LOVE to hear the story
Which angel-voices tell—
How once the King of glory
Came down on earth to dwell.

I am both weak and sinful,
But this I surely know :
The Lord came down to save me,
Because he loved me so.

- 2 I'm glad my blessed Saviour
Was once a child like me,
To show how pure and holy
His little ones may be ;
And if I try to follow
His footsteps here below,
He never will forget me,
Because he loves me so.
- 3 To sing his love and mercy
My sweetest songs I'll raise ;
And, though I cannot see him,
I know he hears my praise ;
For he has kindly promised
That even I may go
To sing among his angels,
Because he loves me so.

Emily H. Miller.

177

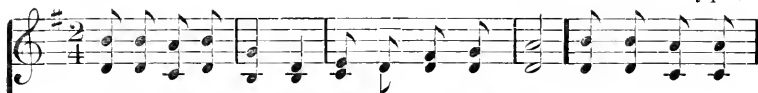
TOPLADY. 7s.



- 1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee ;
Let the water and the blood
From thy wounded side which
flowed
Be of sin the double cure :
Save from wrath and make me pure.
- 2 Could my tears for ever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone :
Thou must save, and thou alone.
In my hand no price I bring :
Simply to thy cross I cling.
- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

Aug. M. Toplady.

THEO. F. SEWARD. By per.



1. Do no sin-ful ac-tion; Speak no an-gry word: Ye be-long to

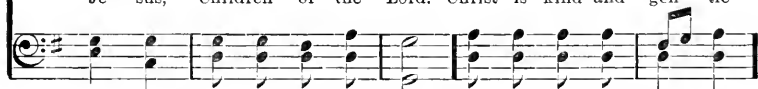


REF.—Do no sin-ful ac-tion; Speak no an-gry word: Ye be-long to

FINE.



Je-sus, Children of the Lord. Christ is kind and gen-tle

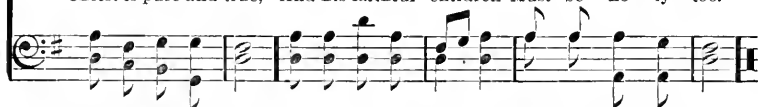


Je-sus, Children of the Lord.

D. C.



Christ is pure and true, And his faithful children Must be ho-ly too.



2 There's a wicked spirit
Watching round you still,
And he tries to tempt you
To all harm and ill;
But you must not hear him,
Though 'tis hard for you
To resist the evil
And the good to do.—REF.

3 Jesus knows your weakness;
He is good and kind:
In his presence ever
Help and strength you'll find.
Learn to lean upon him,
Learn to trust his name;
Then his love will keep you
From all guilt and shame.—REF.

STOCKWELL. 8s & 7s.



1 YES, for me, for me he careth
With a brother's tender care;
Yes, with me, with me he shareth
Every burden, every fear.

2 Yes, for me he standeth pleading
At the mercy-seat above,

Ever for me interceding,
Constant in untiring love.

3 Yes, in me abroad he sheddeth
Joys unearthly, love and light;
And to cover me he spreadeth
His paternal wing of might.

4 Yes, in me, in me he dwelleth—
I in him, and he in me;
And my empty soul he filleth
Here and through eternity.

H. Bonar.

180 HE LEADETH ME. L. M.

1 HE leadeth me! Oh blessed thought!
Oh words with heavenly comfort
fraught!
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

REF.—He leadeth me, he leadeth me,
By his own hand he leadeth me;
His faithful follower I would be,
For by his hand he leadeth me.

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,
Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me.

3 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine,
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

4 And when my task on earth is done,
When by thy grace the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

181 PORTUGUESE HYMN.



1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of
the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent
word!
What more can he say than to you he
hath said—
To you who for refuge to Jesus have
fled?

2 "When through the deep waters I call
thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not over-
flow;
For I will be with thee thy trials to
bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest dis-
tress.

3 "When through fiery trials thy path-
way shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy
supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee: I only
design
Thy dross to consume and thy gold to
refine.

4 "E'en down to old age all my people
shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable
love;
And then, when gray hairs shall their
temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom
be borne.

5 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned
for repose
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should en-
deavor to shake,
I'll never, no, never—no, never—for-
sake."

Geo. Keith.

182 ARCADIA. C. M.



1 OH, where are kings and empires now
Of old that went and came?
But, Lord, thy Church is praying yet,
A thousand years the same.

2 We mark her goodly battlements
And her foundations strong;
We hear within the solemn voice
Of her unending song.

3 For not like kingdoms of the world
Thy holy Church, O God!
Though earthquake shocks are threat-
ening her
And tempests are abroad,

4 Unshaken as eternal hills,
Immovable she stands—
A mountain that shall fill the earth,
A house not made by hands.

A. C. Cox.

HENRY HOPE.

THEO. F. SEWARD. By per.

1. Now I have found a friend: Jesus is mine; His love shall never end;
2. Though I grow poor and old, Je-sus is mine; Though I grow faint and cold,

Je - sus is mine. Though earth-ly joys de-crease, Though earthly
Je - sus is mine. He shall my wants sup-ply; His pre-cious

friendship cease, Now I have last-ing peace: Je - sus is mine.
blood is nigh; Naught can my hope de-stroy: Je - sus is mine.

3 When earth shall pass away,
Jesus is mine;
In the great judgment day,
Jesus is mine.
Oh, what a glorious thing
Then to behold my King,
On tuneful harp to sing,
"Jesus is mine!"

4 Father, thy name I bless:
Jesus is mine;
Thine was the sovereign grace,
Praise shall be thine.
Spirit of holiness,
Scaling the Father's grace
Thou mad'st my soul embrace,
Jesus is mine.

WOODWORTH. L. M.

1 Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot, [spot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind—
Yea, all I need—in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

5 Just as I am thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

Charlotte Elliott.

185 NETTLETON. 8s & 7s.



- 1 WELCOME, welcome, dear Redeemer!
Welcome to this heart of mine;
Lord, I make a full surrender,
Every power and thought be thine;
Thine entirely,
Through eternal ages thine.
- 2 Known to all to be thy mansion,
Earth and hell will disappear,
Or in vain attempt possession
When they find the Lord is near.
Shout, O Zion!
Shout, ye saints! the Lord is here.

W. Mason.

186 VIGIL. S. M.



- 1 Oh, what, if we are Christ's,
Is earthly shame or loss?
Bright shall the crown of glory be
When we have borne the cross.
- 2 Keen was the trial once,
Bitter the cup of woe, [blood,
When martyred saints, baptized in
Christ's sufferings shared below.
- 3 Bright is their glory now,
Boundless their joy above,
Where, on the bosom of their God,
They rest in perfect love.
- 4 Lord, may that grace be ours—
Like them, in faith, to bear
All that of sorrow, grief or pain
May be our portion here.

Henry W. Baker.

187 AMERICA. 6s & 4s.



- 1 GOD bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand
Through storm and night.
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of winds and wave,
Do thou our country save
By thy great might.
- 2 For her our prayer shall rise
To God above the skies,
On him we wait.
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guardian with watchful eye,
To thee aloud we cry,
"God save the State!"

- 3 Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

J. S. Dwight and S. F. Smith.

188 NORTHAMPTON. L. M.



- 1 GREAT God of nations, now to thee
Our hymn of gratitude we raise;
With humble hearts and bending knee
We offer thee our song of praise.
- 2 Thy name we bless, almighty God,
For all the kindness thou hast shown
To this fair land the pilgrims trod—
This land we fondly call our own.
- 3 Here Freedom spreads her banner wide,
And casts her soft and hallowed ray;
Here thou our fathers' steps did guide
In safety thro' their dangerous way.
- 4 Great God, preserve us in thy fear;
In dangers still our guardian be;
Oh, spread thy truth's bright precepts
here;
Let all thy people worship thee.

189 REGENT SQUARE. 8s & 7s.



- 1 PRAISE, my soul, the King of heaven;
To his feet thy tribute bring;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Evermore his praises sing.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise the everlasting King.
- 2 Praise him for his grace and favor
To our fathers in distress;
Praise him still the same as ever,
Slow to chide and swift to bless.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Glorious in his faithfulness.
- 3 Father-like, he tends and spares us:
Well our feeble frame he knows;
In his hands he gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Widely yet his mercy flows.
- 4 Angels in the height, adore him:
Ye behold him face to face;
Saints, triumphant bow before him,
Gathered in from every race.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise with us the God of grace.

I've been Redeemed.

JUBILEE HYMN.

I've been redeemed, I've been redeemed, I've been re-

I've been redeemed, I've been redeemed, I've been redeemed, I've been redeemed, I've
[been re-

deemed, I've been redeemed, I've been re-

deemed, I've been redeemed, I've been redeemed, I've been redeemed, I've been re-

deemed, I've been re - deemed,

deemed, I've been redeemed, I've been re - deemed, I've been redeemed, Been

FINE.

wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.

- 1. Been re-deemed by the blood of the
- 2. There is a foun-tain, etc.
- 3. The dy - ing thief, etc.

Lamb, . . . Been re-deemed by the blood of the Lamb, Been re-

I've been Redeemed.—Concluded.

D. C.

deemed by the blood of the Lamb, That flows from Cal - va - ry.

2 There is a fountain filled with blood
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
 And sinners, plunged beneath that
 Lose all their guilty stains. [flood,
 I've been redeemed, etc.

3 The dying thief rejoiced to see
 That fountain in his day,
 And there may I, though vile as he,
 Wash all my sins away.
 I've been redeemed, etc.

191

The Sweetest Name.

8s & 7s. D.

E. ROBERTS.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. 2. FINE.

1. { There is no name so sweet on earth, No name so sweet in heaven,
 The name before his wondrous birth To Christ the Saviour giv - en. }

D. C.—For there's no word ear - ev - er heard So dear, so sweet, as "Je-sus."

REFRAIN. D. C.

We love to sing a - round our King, And hail him bless-ed Je - sus ;

2 And when he hung upon the tree,
 They wrote this name above him,
 That all might see the reason we
 For evermore must love him.—REF.

From sin and pains, he ever reigns,
 The Prince and Saviour Jesus.—REF.

3 So now, upon his Father's throne,
 Almighty to release us

4 O Jesus! by that matchless name
 Thy grace shall fail us never;
 To-day as yesterday the same,
 Thou art the same for ever.—REF.

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G. MOULTRIE.

J. BARNEY.

We march, we march to vic-to - ry, With the cross of the Lord be - fore us,

With his lov - ing eye look - ing down from the sky, And his

ho - ly arm spread o'er us, His ho - ly arm spread o'er us.

FINE.

His arm

1. We come in the might of the Lord of light, With ar-mor bright, to meet him ;
2. Our sword is the Spir-it of God on high ; Our hel-met, his sal - va - tion ;

And we put to flight the armies of night, That the
Our ban - ner, the cross of Cal - va - ry ; Our

We March to Victory.—Concluded.

D. C.

sons of the day may greet him, The sons of the day may greet him.
 watchword, the In-car-na-tion, Our watchword, the In-car-na-tion.

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Thou Sweet-Gliding Kedron.

THEO. F. SEWARD. By per.

1. Thou sweet-gliding Ke-dron, by thy sil-ver stream Our Sa-viour would
 2. How damp were the va-pors that fell on his head! How hard was his

lin-ger in moonlight's soft beam, And by thy bright wa-ters till
 pil-low! how hum-ble his bed! The an-gels, be-hold-ing, a-

midnight would stay, And lose in thy murmurs the toils of the day.
 mazed at the sight, At-tend-ed their Mas-ter with sol-emn de-light.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>3 O Garden of Olives, thou dear, honored spot!
 The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot,
 The theme most transporting to seraphs above,
 The triumph of sorrow, the triumph of love.</p> | <p>4 Come, saints, and adore him, and bow at his feet;
 Oh give him the glory, the praise that is meet;
 Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
 And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.</p> |
|---|--|

MARY HARNEY GILL.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. We're the lambs of the flock, And no danger we fear When the voice and the

REFRAIN.

call Of the Shepherd we hear. We will fol-low, we will fol-low, We will

fol-low our Shepherd, We will follow our Shepherd, While he is so near.

2 We are tiny and weak,
But our Shepherd is strong;
From the wolf he defendeth
Us all the day long.—REF.

3 Oh that all the dear lambs
Had a heart to reply,
When the great Shepherd calls
From his fold in the sky.—REF.

Copyright, 1875, by Hubert P. Main.

1. The morning bright With ros-y light Has waked me up from sleep;
2. All through the day, I hum-bly pray, Be thou my guard and guide;
3. Oh make thy rest With-in my breast, Great Spir-it of all grace;

Fa-ther, I own Thy love a-lone Thy lit-tle ones doth keep.
My sins for-give, And let me live, Blest Je-sus, near thy side.
Make me like thee: Then shall I be Pre-pared to see thy face.

Ps. xxxiv : 11-13.

THEO. F. SEWARD. By per.



Come, ye children! hearken un-to me: I will teach you the fear of the Lord.



Come, ye children! hearken un-to me: I will teach you the fear of the Lord.



What man is he that de - sir - eth life, And lov-eth ma-ny days, that



he may see good? Keep thy heart from evil, Keep thy heart from evil,



Keep thy heart from evil, And thy lips from speaking guile. A - men, A - men.



J. H. McNAUGHTON.

J. H. McNAUGHTON. By per.

1. There is beauty all around When there's love at home; There is joy in every sound
2. In the cottage there is joy When there's love at home; Hate and envy ne'er annoy

When there's love at home. Peace and plenty here a-bide, Smiling sweet on
When there's love at home. Ros-es blossom 'neath our feet, All the earth's a

every side, Time doth softly, sweetly glide, When there's love at home. Love at home,
garden sweet, Making life a bliss complete, When there's love at home. Love at home,

love at home; Time doth softly, sweetly glide When there's love at home.
love at home; Mak-ing life a bliss complete, When there's love at home.

3 Kindly heaven smiles above
When there's love at home;
All the earth is filled with love
When there's love at home.
Sweeter sings the brooklet by,
Brighter beams the azure sky—
Oh, there's One who smiles on high—
When there's love at home.

4 Jesus, show thy mercy mine:
Then there's love at home;
Sweetly whisper I am thine:
Then there's love at home.
Source of love, thy cheering light
Far exceeds the sun so bright—
Can dispel the gloom of night:
Then there's love at home.

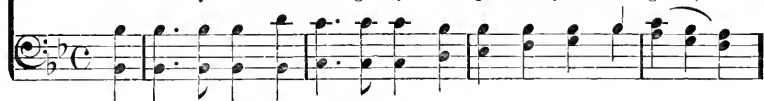
198 The Son of God goes forth to War.

REGINALD HEBER.

H. S. CUTLER. By per.



1. The Son of God goes forth to war A king-ly crown to gain;
2. The mar-tyr first whose ea-gle eye Could pierce beyond the grave,



His blood-red ban-ner streams a-far: Who fol-lows in his train?
Who saw his Mas-ter in the sky, And called on him to save—



Who best can drink his cup of woe Tri-um-ph'ant o-ver pain,
Like him, with par-don on his tongue In midst of mor-tal pain,



Who pa-tient bears his cross be-low— He fol-lows in his train.
He prayed for them that did the wrong: Who follows in his train?



3 A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the Spirit came;
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they
knew,
And mocked the cross and flame;
They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane; [feel:
They bowed their necks the death to
Who follows in their train?

4 A noble army—men and boys,
The matron and the maid—
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed;
They climbed the steep ascent of
heaven
Through peril, toil and pain:
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train!

Mrs. M. STOCKTON.

WM. G. FISCHER. By per.

1. God loved the world of sin - ners, lost And ruined by the fall; Sal-
2. E'en now by faith I claim him mine, The ris-en Son of God; Re-

va - tion full, at high - est cost, He of - fers free to all.
demption by his death I find, And cleansing through the blood.

REFRAIN.

Oh, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love—The love of God to me; It

brought my Saviour from a - bove To die on Cal - va - ry.

3 Love brings the glorious fullness in,
And to his saints makes known
The blessed rest from inbred sin
Through faith in Christ alone.

REF.—Oh, 'twas love, etc.

4 Believing souls, rejoicing go:
There shall to you be given
A glorious foretaste here below
Of endless life in heaven.

REF.—Oh, 'twas love, etc.

MRS. MARRIANNE NUNN.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. One there is a - bove all oth - ers: Oh, how he loves!

His is love be - yond a brother's: Oh, how he loves!

Earth - ly friends may fail or leave us— One day soothe, the

next day grieve us; But this Friend will ne'er deceive us: Oh, how he loves!

2 'Tis eternal life to know him:

Oh, how he loves!
 Think—oh think!—how much we owe
 Oh, how he loves! [him;
 With his precious blood he bought us;
 In the wilderness he sought us;
 To his fold he safely brought us:
 Oh, how he loves!

3 All your sins shall be forgiven:

Oh, how he loves!
 Backward shall your foes be driven:
 Oh, how he loves!
 Best of blessings he'll provide you;
 Naught but good shall e'er betide you;
 Safe to glory he will guide you:
 Oh, how he loves!

JAMES GEORGE DECK.

SALVATORI.

1. O Lamb of God, still keep me Near to thy wound-ed side;

'Tis on - ly there in safe - ty And peace I can a - bide.

What foes and snares sur - round me! What doubts and fears within!

The grace that sought and found me A - lone can keep me clean.

2 'Tis only in thee hiding
I know my life secure—
Only in thee abiding
The conflict can endure:
Thine arm the victory gaineth
O'er every hateful foe;
Thy love my heart sustaineth
In all its care and woe.

3 Soon shall my eyes behold thee
With rapture face to face:
One half hath not been told me
Of all thy power and grace;
Thy beauty, Lord, and glory,
The wonders of thy love,
Shall be the endless story
Of all thy saints above.

Mrs. C. F. ALEXANDER.

RICHARD STORRS WILLIS.

1. There is a green hill far a-way, With - out a cit - y wall,

Where the dear Lord was eru - ei - fied Who died to save us all.

We may not know, we can - not tell, What pain he had to bear,

But we be - lieve it was for us He hung and suffered there.

2 He died that we might be forgiven ;
 He died to make us good—
 That we might go at last to heaven,
 Saved by his precious blood.
 There was no other good enough
 To pay the price of sin :
 He only could unlock the gate
 Of heaven, and let us in.

3 Oh dearly, dearly has he loved,
 And we must love him too,
 And trust in his redeeming blood,
 And try his works to do ;
 For there's a green hill far away,
 Without a city wall,
 Where the dear Lord was crucified
 Who died to save us all.

EDGAR PAGE.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I've reached the land of corn and wine, And all its rich-es free-ly mine; Here

shines undimmed one bliss-ful day, For all my night has passed a-way.

REFRAIN.

O Beu-lah-land, sweet Beulah-land, As on thy highest mount I stand, I

look a-way a-cross the sea, Where mansions are pre-pared for me, And

view the shin-ing glo-ry shore, My heav'n, my home for ev-er-more!

From "Goodly Pearls," by permission of John J. Hood.

Beulah-Land.—Concluded.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 The Saviour comes and walks with me;
And sweet communion here have we;
He gently leads me with his hand,
For this is heaven's border-land.</p> <p>3 A sweet perfume upon the breeze
Is borne from ever-vernal trees,</p> | <p>And flowers that never-fading grow
Where streams of life for ever flow.</p> <p>4 The zephyrs seem to float to me
Sweet sounds of heaven's melody,
As angels, with the white-robed throng,
Join in the sweet redemption-song.</p> |
|---|---|

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Jesus is our Shepherd.

THEO. F. SEWARD. By per.

1. Je-sus is our Shep-herd—Je-sus, ev-er near; Fold-ed in his

bo-som, What have we to fear? On-ly let us fol-low

Whither he doth lead— To the thirsty des-ert Or the dewy mead.

2 Jesus is our Shepherd :
Well we know his voice ;
How its gentlest whisper
Makes our heart rejoice !
Even when he chideth,
Tender is his tone.
None but he shall guide us ;
We are his alone.

3 Jesus is our Shepherd :
Guided by his arm,
Safely we may follow ;
None can do us harm.
When we tread death's valley,
Dark with fearful gloom,
We will fear no evil,
Victors o'er the tomb.

W. W. How.

S. S. WESLEY.

1. O Word of God in - car - nate, O Wis - dom from on high,

O Truth unchanged, un - chang - ing, O Light of our dark sky, -

We praise thee for the ra - diance That from the hallowed page,

A lan - tern to our foot - steps, Shines on from age to age.

2 The Church from her dear Master
 Received the gift divine,
 And still that light she lifteth,
 O'er all the earth to shine.
 It is the golden casket
 Where gems of truth are stored;
 It is the heaven-drawn picture
 Of Christ, the living Word.

3 Oh, make thy Church, dear Saviour,
 A lamp of burnished gold,
 To bear before the nations
 Thy true light as of old;
 Oh, teach thy wandering pilgrims
 By this their path to trace,
 Till, clouds and darkness ended,
 They see thee face to face.

ARTHUR T. PIERSON.

JAS. McGRANAHAN.

1. Oh, I am so hap-py in Je - sus! His blood has redeemed me from sin ;

I weep and I sing in my glad-ness To know he is dwelling with - in.

REFRAIN.

Oh, I am so hap-py in Je - sus, From sin and from sorrow so free—

So hap-py that he is my Saviour, So hap-py that Je-sus loves me!

2 Oh, I am so happy in Jesus!

He taught me the secret of faith—
To rest in believing his promise,
And trust whatsoever he saith.

3 Oh, I am so happy in Jesus!

I lay my whole soul at his feet:
The love he has kindled within me
Makes service and suffering sweet.

4 Oh, I am so happy in Jesus!

How sweet to win others to him!
Lord, let not my lamp burn in secret;
Oh, let not the shining be dim.

5 Oh, I am so happy in Jesus!

If earth in his love is so blest,
What joy, in his glorified presence,
To sit at his feet as his guest.

RICHARD BURNHAM.

1. Je - sus, thou art the sin - ner's Friend: As such I look to thee; Now,

in the full - ness of thy love, O Lord, re - mem - ber me.

REFRAIN.

{ Oh, how I love Je - sus! Oh, how I love Je - sus!
How can I for - get thee? How can I for - get thee, Lord?

Oh, how I love Je - sus! Be - cause he first loved me. }
How can I for - get thee? Dear Lord, re - mem - ber me. }

2 Lord, I am guilty, I am vile,
But thy salvation's free;
Then, in thine all-abounding grace,
Dear Lord, remember me.
REF.—Oh, how I love Jesus, etc.

3 And when I close my eyes in death,
When creature-helps all flee,
Then, O my dear Redeemer-God,
I pray, remember me.
REF.—Oh, how I love Jesus, etc.

208 The Sands of Time are Wasting.

SAMUEL RUTHERFORD.

CHAS. D'URHAN.

1. The sands of time are wast - ing, The dawn of heav - en breaks:

The sum - mer morn I've sighed for—The fair, sweet morn—a - wakes.

Oh, dark hath been the mid - night, But day - spring is at hand,

And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In Im - man - uel's land.

2 Oh, Christ, he is the fountain—
The deep, sweet well of love;
The streams of earth I've tasted:
More deep I'll drink above.
There to an ocean-fullness
His mercy doth expand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

3 Oh, I am my Beloved's,
And my Beloved's mine:
He brings a poor vile sinner
Into his house divine.
Upon the Rock of Ages
My soul redeemed shall stand,
Where glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

F. J. C.

W. F. SHERWIN.

1. Whom have I in heav'n a - bove? On - ly thee, my Sa - viour;

Whom have I on earth to love? On - ly thee, my Sa - viour.

Who my wounded heart can heal, Who my ev' - ry sor - row feel,

Who the light of joy re - veal? On - ly thou, my Sa - viour.

2 Who has led me all my days?
 Only thou, my Saviour:
 Who deserves my highest praise?
 Only thou, my Saviour.
 In my weakness who is strong,
 Who has loved and loved me long,
 Who should claim my noblest song?
 Only thou, my Saviour.

3 Who my inmost thoughts can read?
 Only thou, my Saviour;
 Who for me doth intercede?
 Only thou, my Saviour.
 Who my secret thoughts can know,
 Who such tender mercy show,
 Who can make me white as snow?
 Only thou, my Saviour.

Rev. WM. HUNTER.

Arr. by Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. The great Phy - si - cian now is near, The sym - pa-thiz - ing Je - sus; He

speaks the drooping heart to cheer: Oh, hear the voice of Je - sus.

REFRAIN.

Sweet-est note in ser - aph song, Sweetest name on mor - tal tongue,

Sweet - est ear - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus.

2 Your many sins are all forgiven :
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus ;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.—REF.

3 All glory to the dying Lamb !
I now believe in Jesus ;
I love the blessed Saviour's name,
I love the name of Jesus.—REF.

4 The children, too, both great and small,
Who love the name of Jesus,
May now accept the gracious call
To work and live for Jesus.—REF.

5 Come, brethren, help me sing his praise :
Oh, praise the name of Jesus ;
Come, sisters, all your voices raise :
Oh, bless the name of Jesus.—REF.

6 His name dispels my guilt and fear—
No other name but "Jesus ;"
Oh, how my soul delights to hear
The precious name of Jesus!—REF.

7 And when to that bright world above
We rise to see our Jesus,
We'll sing around the throne of love
His name—the name of Jesus.—REF.

1. Je - sus, I come to thee: no one be - side Cares for the sor - row I'm
2. Un - to thy love like a bird to its nest, Sad - ly out - wea - ried, I

striv - ing to hide. Help - less and des - o - late, tired with my sin,
come back for rest; Noth - ing I bring to thee, Christ, but my sin:

p REFRAIN.

O - pen thine arms for me; Lord, take me in! } Open now thine arms for me;
O - pen thine arms for me; Lord, take me in! }

cres.

Pity, Lord, and comfort me; Open now thine arms for me, for me; Lord, take me in.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>3 Far from the narrow way long I have
strayed;
Dark clouds have covered me where I
have prayed;
Now to thy mercy I come with my
sin:
Pity and comfort me; Lord, take me
in!
REF.—Open now, etc.</p> | <p>4 Back to thy dear love for shelter and
rest
Flee I, O Lord, like a bird to its
nest;
Nothing I bring thee but sorrow and
sin:
Open thine arms for me; Lord, take
me in!
REF.—Open now, etc.</p> |
|--|---|

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. By per.

1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - crat - ed, Lord, to thee;
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for thee;

Take my hands, and let them move At the im - pulse of thy love.
Take my voice, and let me sing Al - ways, on - ly, for my King.

REFRAIN.

{ Wash me in the Sa - viour's pre - cious blood, the pre - cious blood; }
{ Cleanse me in its pur - i - fy - ing flood, the heal - ing flood. }

Lord, I give to thee My life and all, to be Thine, henceforth eternal - ly.

3 Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages for thee;
Take my silver and my gold:
Not a mite would I withhold.

REF.—Wash me, etc.

4 Take my moments and my days:
Let them flow in endless praise;
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as thou shalt choose.

REF.—Wash me, etc.

5 Take my will, and make it thine:
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart—it is thine own:
It shall be thy royal throne.

REF.—Wash me, etc.

6 Take my love: my Lord, I pour
At thy feet its treasure-store;
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for thee.

REF.—Wash me, etc.

Rev. ALFRED TAYLOR.

ALFRED TAYLOR. By per.

1. Je - sus is all in all to me; Glo - ry and grace in him I see,

Wis - dom and rich - es, truth and love, Mer - cy and goodness from a - bove.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Low at thy feet I hum - bly fall, Je - sus, my Sa - viour, all in all.

FULL CHORUS.

Glo - ry to thee, O Lord of all, Je - sus, my Sa - viour, all in all.

2 Jesus is all in all to me;
 Unto his arms of love I flee;
 Casting on him my load of care,
 Jesus, my Saviour, hears my prayer.

Low at thy feet, etc.

3 Jesus is all in all to me:
 Jesus from sin can set me free;
 Jesus it is who calms my fears,
 Hushes my sorrows, dries my tears.

Low at thy feet, etc.

HORATIUS BONAR, D. D.

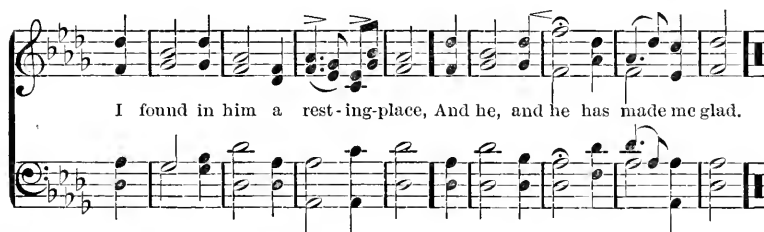
ABT. Arr. by H. P. MAIN.

1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come, un - to me and rest;

Lay down, thou weary one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast."



I came to Je - sus as I was—Wear - y and worn and sad:



I found in him a rest - ing - place, And he, and he has made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "Behold, I freely give
 The living water; thirsty one,
 Stoop down and drink and live."
 I came to Jesus, and I drank
 Of that life-giving stream: [vived,
 My thirst was quenched, my soul re-
 And now I live in him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "I am this dark world's light;
 Look unto me: thy morn shall rise,
 And all thy day be bright."
 I looked to Jesus, and I found
 In him my Star, my Sun,
 And in that light of life I'll walk
 Till all my days are done.

215 Sweet the Moments, Rich in Blessing.

8s & 7s.

JAMES ALLEN.

MOZART. Arr. by H. P. MAIN.

1. Sweet the mo - ments, rich in bless - ing, Which be - fore the cross I spend,

Life and health and peace pos - sess - ing From the sinner's dy - ing Friend.

Here I'll sit for ev - er view - ing Mercy's streams in streams of blood ;

Pre - cious drops, my soul be - dewing, Plead and claim my peace with God.

2 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before his cross to lie,
While I see divine compassion
Floating in his languid eye.

Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze ;
Love I much? I've much forgiven :
I'm a miracle of grace.

THEO. F. SEWARD. By per.

1. Mansions are prepared a-bove By the gracious God of love; Man-y will those

REFRAIN.
man-sions see: Is there one prepared for me? Is there one for me?

Is there one for me? Many will those mansions see: Is there one prepared for me?

2 Crowns there are for all to wear
Who on earth the cross will bear;
Many will those bright crowns be:
Is there one prepared for me?—REF.

3 Robes of spotless white are given
By the glorious King of heaven;
All can have them—they are free:
Is there one prepared for me?—REF.

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CLINTON. C. M.

- 1 WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

Isaac Watts.

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SHINING SHORE. 7s. D.

- 1 My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly—
Those hours of toil and danger.
- 2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our distant home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word:
Let every lamp be burning.
- 3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest naught can molest
Where golden harps are ringing.
- 4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each cord on earth to sever;
Our King says, "Come," and there's
our home
For ever—oh, for ever!

David Nelson, D.D.

1. { Boys. Whither, pil-grims, are you go - ing, Go - ing each with staff in hand? }
 { GIRLS. We are go - ing on a jour - ney, Go - ing at our King's command. }
 2. { Boys. Fear ye not the way so lone - ly— You, a lit - tle, fee-ble band? }
 { GIRLS. No, for friends un - seen are near us: Ho - ly an - gels round us stand. }

O - ver hills and plains and val - leys, We are go - ing to his
 Christ, our Lead - er, walks be - side us: He will guard and he will

pal - ace, We are go - ing to his pal - ace, Go - ing to the bet - ter
 guide us, He will guard and he will guide us, Guide us to that bet - ter

land; We are go - ing to his pal - ace, Go - ing to the bet - ter land.
 land; He will guard and he will guide us, Guide us to that bet - ter land.

HENRY ALFORD.

G. J. ELVEY.

1. Come, ye thank-ful peo - ple, come! Raise the song of har - vest-home;
2. What is earth but God's own field, Fruit un - to his praise to yield?

All is safe - ly gathered in Ere the win - ter storms be - gin;
Wheat and tares are there - in sown, Un - to joy or sor - row grown,

God, our Ma - ker, doth pro - vide For our wants to be sup - plied.
Ripen - ing with a wondrous power Till the fi - nal har - vest hour.

Come, to God's own tem - ple come! Raise the song of har - vest-home.
Grant, O Lord of life, that we Ho - ly grain and pure may be.

3 For we know that thou wilt come,
And wilt take thy people home;
From thy field wilt purge away
All that doth offend, that day,
And thine angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast,
But the fruitful ears to store
In thy garner evermore.

4 Come, then, Lord of mercy, come!
Bid us sing thy harvest-home;
Let thy saints be gathered in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin,
All upon the golden floor,
Praising thee for evermore.
Come, with thousand angels come!
Bid us sing thy harvest-home.

1. In the green pas - tures of thy love, our Saviour, By the still wa - ters
2. Care doth op - press and sorrow's shadows brood; Tempta - tion beck - ons

'neath thy gra - cious smile, Pray - ing but trust - ing, then we pause to listen:
with se - duc - tive smile; But, Lord, we come to thee in lov - ing trust,

REFRAIN.

Yes, thou art call - ing us to rest a while. } In the green pastures,
For thou art call - ing us to rest a while. }

By the still wa - ters, 'Neath thy gra - cious smile, Pray - ing but trust - ing,

Pause we to lis - ten, For thou art call - ing us to rest a while.

Rest a While.—Concluded.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>3 Saviour, we rise and follow, at thy bidding,
The path of duty: dark that path may be;
We hear thy voice, "'Tis I, be not afraid!"
Whilst thou art calling us to rest with thee.—REF.</p> | <p>4 Buried with thee, we rise again in power;
Thou for our sins for ever didst atone;
Till at the last we hear thy joyful summons:
"Come, rest for ever in thy Father's home."—REF.</p> |
|---|--|

222

The Holy Day of Rest.

C. F. LINDIG. (From the German.)

J. H. KURZENKNAUBE.

1. Lord, we would ask this ho - ly day Rich bless-ings from a - bove;
2. We cast on thee our ev - ery care, That noth-ing may an - noy;

To spend with thee in thine own way The day we dear - ly love;
To us do thou thy - self de - clare Glad tid - ings of great joy;

Repeat mp.

To spend with thee The day we dear - ly love.
To us de - clare Glad tid - ings of great joy.

To spend with thee,
To us de - clare

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>3 Help us to lay all self aside
And wait our royal Guest;
With us, dear Lord, do thou abide
On this thy day of rest;
 : With us abide
On this thy day of rest. : </p> | <p>4 Our Sabbaths here will soon be o'er;
Then Jesus, our dear Friend,
Will call us home to yon bright shore,
Where Sabbaths have no end;
 : Will call us home
Where Sabbaths have no end. : </p> |
|--|---|

Copyright, 1880, by J. H. Kurzenknaube.

F. J. CROSBY.

B. C. UNSELD.

May be sung as a Duet. >

1. Let us work for God and fol-low his commands With a cheerful heart and

ev - er-willing hands; In the field of life, re - joic-ing every day, Let us

REFRAIN.

work and trust and pray. We shall rest, We shall rest by and by, by and by, Sweetly

rest when earthly toil is o'er; In a land, In a land bright and

fair, bright and fair, We shall rest when earth-ly toil is o'er.

We shall Rest.—Concluded.

2 He will give us strength our vigor to renew,
 He will grant us grace that falleth like the dew;
 And the seeds of love immortal fruit shall bear,
 Ever guarded by his care.—REF.

3 To a glorious work he calleth us a way;
 Let us bear the heat and burden of the day;
 'Tis the faithful souls that reap the bright reward
 At the coming of the Lord.—REF.

224

Beautiful Mansions.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. { Beau - ti - ful man - sions, home of the blest, Land where the
 There is my treas - ure, there shall I be; Lord, I am

REFRAIN.

faith - ful ev - er shall rest, } Sa - viour, be near me: thy
 wea - ry: lead me to thee. }

gen - tle voice can cheer me; O Je - sus, my Saviour, lead me to thee.

2 Thou wilt not leave me comfortless here:
 Why should I doubt thee? What do I fear?
 Light in the distance breaking I see,
 Yet I am weary: lead me to thee.
 REF.—Saviour, be near me, etc.

3 Jesus, I love thee: dwell in my heart;
 Never—oh never—from me depart.
 Hope like a rainbow shining I see,
 Yet I am weary: lead me to thee.
 REF.—Saviour, be near me, etc.

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225 There's Rest on the Bosom of Jesus.

H. E. K.

H. E. KIMBALL.

1. There's rest on the bosom of Je - sus For all who are wea-ry of sin; There's

pardon and peace for the err - ing, For those who as conquerors win.

REFRAIN.

Rest, rest, rest! Yes, rest for the wea - ry and sad; There's

rest on the bos-om of Je - sus: He makes all the sorrow-ing glad.

2 There's rest on the bosom of Jesus,
And joy that the world cannot give;
Oh, bring all your sorrows unto him;
Oh, trust in his mercy and live.—REF.

3 There's rest on the bosom of Jesus—
Yes, life everlasting and blest;
We'll fear not the grave, for our Saviour
Will lead us to heavenly rest.—REF.

226 Tender Shepherd, thou hast Stilled.

A. S. SULLIVAN.

1. Ten-der Shepherd, thou hast stilled Now thy lit-tle lamb's brief weeping:

Ah! how peace-ful, pale and mild In its nar-row bed 'tis sleep-ing!

And no sigh of anguish sore Heaves that lit-tle bos-om more.

2 In this world of care and pain,
 Lord, thou wouldst no longer leave
 To the sunny heavenly plain [it;
 Thou dost now with joy receive it;
 Clothed in robes of spotless white,
 Now it dwells with thee in light.

3 Ah, Lord Jesus! grant that we
 Where it lives may soon be living,
 And the lovely pastures see
 That its heavenly food are giving;
 Then the gain of death we prove,
 Though thou take what most we love.

227

1 THERE is a fountain filled with blood
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
 And sinners, plunged beneath that flood
 Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
 That fountain in his day,
 And there have I, as vile as he,
 Washed all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood,
 Shall never lose its power
 Till all the ransomed Church of God
 Be saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be till I die.

5 Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing thy power to save,
 When this poor lisping, stammering
 Lies silent in the grave. [tongue
 William Cowper.

E. TURNEY, D.D.

REV. R. LOWRY.

1. Bless-ed Je - sus, blessed Je-sus, Thou who gav'st thyself for me, Leave me not in
2. Hope of all the meek and lowly, Thou my hope and joy shalt be; Blessed Jesus,

REFRAIN.

sin to wander: Bid me come and rest in thee. } Rest in thee, rest in thee,
bless-ed Je - sus, Bid me come and rest in thee. }

Bid me come and rest in thee; Rest in thee, rest in thee, Bid me come and rest in thee.

3 Draw me from each sinful striving;
From myself oh set me free;

Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Bid me come and rest in thee.—REF.

4 Highest, purest, sweetest pleasure
Shall thy service bring to me;

Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Bid me come and rest in thee.—REF.

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229

REST. L. M.

1 ASLEEP in Jesus! Blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep—
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! Oh how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet,

With holy confidence to sing
That death has lost his venom'd sting!

3 Asleep in Jesus! Peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest:
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! Far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be,
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

230 Ten Thousand Times Ten Thousand.

HENRY ALFORD.

J. B. DYKES.

1. Ten thou - sand times ten thou - sand, In spark - ling rai - ment bright,

The ar - mies of the ran - somed saints Throng up the steeps of light.

'Tis fin - ished, all is fin - ished—Their fight with death and sin;

Fling o - pen wide the gold - en gates, And let the vic - tors in.

2 What rush of hallelujahs
Fills all the earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
Oh, day for which creation
And all its tribes were made!
Oh, joy for all its former woes
A thousand fold repaid!

3 Oh, then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore!
What knitting severed friendships up,
Where partings are no more!
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle
That brimmed with tears of late,
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

H. L. FRISBIE.

H. L. FRISBIE.

1. No mor - tal eye that land hath seen Be - yond, beyond the riv - er,

Its smil - ing val - leys, hills so green, Be - yond, be - yond the riv - er.

Its shores are com - ing near - er, The skies are grow - ing clear - er,

Each day it seem - eth dear - er— That land be - yond the riv - er.

REFRAIN.

We'll stand the storm, we'll stand the storm: Its rage is al - most o - ver;

The Land Beyond the River.—Concluded.

We'll an - chor in the har - bor soon, In the land beyond the riv - er.

2 That glorious day will ne'er be done
Beyond, beyond the river,
When we've the crown and kingdom
Beyond, beyond the river. [won,
There is eternal pleasure,
And joys that none can measure,
For those who have their treasure
In the land beyond the river.—REF.

3 When shall we look from Zion's hill
Beyond, beyond the river?
With endless bliss our hearts shall
Beyond, beyond the river. [thrill,
There angels bright are singing,
There golden harps are ringing;
We ne'er shall cease our singing
In the land beyond the river.—REF.

232

Jesus, Still Lead On.

Tr. by JANE BORTHWICK.

B. C. UNSELD.

1. Je - sus, still lead on Till our rest be won; And, although the way be cheerless,

We will fol - low, calm and fearless. Guide us by thy hand To our father - land.

2 If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
Let not faith and hope forsake us;
For through many a foe
To our home we go.

3 When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief,
When oppressed by new temptations,

Lord, increase and perfect patience;
Show us that bright shore
Where we weep no more.

4 Jesus, still lead on
Till our rest be won;
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
Till we safely stand
In our fatherland.

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E. S. PORTER, D.D.

E. L. WHITE.

1. In the far - bet - ter land of glo - ry and light The ransomed are

sing - ing in gar - ments of white, The harp - ers are harp - ing, and

all the bright train Sing the song of redemption: "The Lamb that was slain."

REFRAIN.

Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb, hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb,

Hal - le - lu - jah

to the Lamb!

Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah! A - men.

In the Far-Better Land.—Concluded.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Like the sound of the sea swells their chorus of praise
Round the star-circled crown of the Ancient of days,
And thrones and dominions re-echo the strain
Of glory eternal to him that was slain.
REF.—Hallelujah, etc.</p> | <p>3 Dear Saviour, may we, with our voices so faint,
Sing the chorus celestial with angel and saint?
Yes, yes, we will sing, and thine ear we will gain
With the song of redemption: "The Lamb that was slain."
REF.—Hallelujah, etc.</p> |
|--|---|

234 *Tune.*—IN THE FAR-BETTER LAND.

- 1 Come, children, and join in our festival song,
And hail the sweet joys which this day brings along;
We'll join our glad voices in one song of praise
To God, who has kept us and lengthened our days.

REFRAIN.—Hallelujah to the Lamb, hallelujah to the Lamb,
Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah! Amen.

- 2 Our Father in heaven, we lift up to thee
Our voice of thanksgiving, our glad jubilee;
Oh, bless us and guide us, dear Saviour, we pray,
That from thy blest precepts we never may stray.
REF.—Hallelujah, etc.

- 3 And if, ere this glad year has drawn to a close,
Some loved one among us in death shall repose,
Grant, Lord, that the spirit in heaven may dwell
In the bosom of Jesus, where all shall be well.
REF.—Hallelujah, etc.

235 WOODLAND. C. M.



- 1 JERUSALEM, my happy home—
Name ever dear to me—
When shall my labors have an end
In joy and peace and thee?
- 2 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know;
Blest seats, through rude and stormy scenes,
I onward press to you.
- 3 Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.
- 4 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand,
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.
- 5 Jerusalem, my happy home,
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end
When I thy joys shall see.

John M. Dickson.

T. J. Cook. By per.

1. Beautiful Zi-on built a - bove, Beautiful cit - y that I love,

Beautiful gates of pearl - y white, Beautiful tem - ple, God its light!

REFRAIN.

{ He who was slain on Cal - va - ry } Zi - on, Zi - on,
{ O - pens those pearl - y gates to me. }

repeat pp.

love - ly Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful Zi - on, cit - y of our God.

2 Beautiful heaven where all is light,
Beautiful angels clothed in white,
Beautiful strains that never tire,
Beautiful harps through all the choir!
There shall I join the chorus sweet,
Worshiping at the Saviour's feet.—REF.

3 Beautiful crowns on every brow,
Beautiful palms the conquerors show;
Beautiful robes the ransomed wear,
Beautiful all who enter there!

Thither I press with eager feet;
There shall my rest be long and
sweet.—REF.

4 Beautiful throne for Christ our King,
Beautiful songs the angels sing,
Beautiful rest, all wanderings cease,
Beautiful home of perfect peace!
There shall my eyes the Saviour see;
Haste to this heavenly home with
me.—REF.

237 There is a Land of Pure Delight.

ISAAC WATTS.

REV. R. LOWRY.

1. There is a land of pure de - light Where saints im - mor - tal reign ;

In - fi - nite day ex - cludes the night, And pleasures ban - ish pain.

REFRAIN.

Oh, the land, the love - ly land—The land o - ver Jor - dan's foam : On the

gold - en strand Wait the happy, happy band To wel - come the ransomed home.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.—REF.

3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green :
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.—REF.

4 Oh, could we make our doubts remove—
Those gloomy doubts that rise—
And view the Canaan that we love
With unbeckoned eyes ;—REF.

5 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,—[flood
Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold
Should fright us from the shore.—REF.

1. Hark, hark, my soul! An-gel - ie songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green

fields and o - cean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truths those

bless-ed strains are tell-ing Of that new life when sin shall be no more,

REFRAIN.

Of that new life when sin shall be no more! An - gels of Je - sus,

An - gels of light, Sing - ing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

Hark, Hark, my Soul!—Concluded.

- 2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing:
 "Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;"
 And, through the dark its echoes sweetly ringing,
 The music of the gospel leads us home.—REF.
- 3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
 The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
 And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
 Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to thee.—REF.
- 4 Rest comes at length: though life be long and dreary,
 The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
 All journeys end in welcomes to the weary,
 And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.—REF.
- 5 Angels, sing on, your faithful watches keeping—
 Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above—
 Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
 And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.—REF.

239

Angel Voices.

FRANCIS POTT.

A. S. SULLIVAN.

1. An - gel voic - es ev - er sing - ing Round thy throne of light,
 2. Thou who art be - yond the far - thest Mor - tal eye can scan,
 3. Here, great God, to - day we of - fer Of thine own to thee,

An - gel harps for ev - er ring - ing, Rest not day nor night;
 Can it be that thou re - gard - est Songs of sin - ful man?
 And for thine ac - cept - ance prof - fer, All un - worth - i - ly,

Thousands only live to bless thee, And con - fess thee, Lord of might.
 Can we feel that thou art near us, And wilt hear us? Yea, we can.
 Hearts and minds, and hands and voices, In our choic - est Mel - o - dy.

Tr. by JOHN M. NEALE.

A. EWING.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest,
2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song,

Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice, op - prest.
And bright with many an an - gel, And all the mar - tyr - throng.

I know not—oh, I know not—What joys a - wait me there,
There is the throne of Da - vid, And there, from toil re - leased,

What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be - yond com - pare.
The shout of them that tri - umph, The song of them that feast.

3 And they who with their Leader
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.
Oh, land that seest no sorrow!
Oh, state that fear'st no strife!
Oh, royal land of flowers!
Oh, realms and home of life!

4 Oh, sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect—
Oh, sweet and blessed country
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest,
Who art, with God the Father
And Spirit, ever blest.

H. BONAR.

THEO. F. SEWARD. By per.



1. This is not my place of rest - ing: Mine's a cit - y yet to come;



On - ward to it I am hast'ning—On to my e - ter - nal home.



REFRAIN.



Nev - er-more, nev - er-more, Nev - er-more be sad or wea - ry;



Nev - er-more, nev - er-more, Nev - ermore to sin a - gain.



2 In it all is light and glory;
O'er it shines a nightless day;
Every trace of sin's sad story,
All the curse, has passed away.

REF.—Nevermore, etc.

3 There the Lamb our Shepherd leads us
By the streams of life along,
On the freshest pasture feeds us,
Turns our sighing into song.

REF.—Nevermore, etc.

F. W. FABER.

J. BARNEY.

1. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! Who doth not crave for rest?
2. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! The world is grow - ing old:

Who would not seek the hap - py land Where they that loved are blest?
Who would not be at rest and free Where love is nev - er cold?

REF. Where loy - al hearts and true

Where loy - al hearts and true Stand ev - er in the light,

All rap - ture through and through, In God's most ho - ly sight.

3 O Paradise! O Paradise!
I greatly long to see
The special place my dearest Lord
In love prepares for me.

REF.—Where loyal, etc.

4 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
Oh, keep me in thy love,
And guide me to that happy land
Of perfect rest above!

REF.—Where loyal, etc.

Mrs. LOULA K. ROGERS.

R. M. McINTOSH. By per.

1. No one can tell when the Sa-viour shall come—Whether in day or in
 2. Oh, bless-ed hope, that hath lift-ed the weak, And thrilled with rapture the

night's sol- emn gloom; But this we know, and it bringeth sweet cheer:
 thirst-y who seek Joy at the Foun-tain that flow- ev- er clear:

REFRAIN.

We shall be like him when he shall ap-pear. }
 We shall be like him when he shall ap-pear. } When he shall ap-pear, when

he shall ap-pear, We shall be like him when he shall ap-pear.

<p>3 Even to me this sweet promise is given— That I may shine in the glory of heaven; Life's heavy burdens I'll cheerfully bear: We shall be like him when he shall appear.—REF.</p>	<p>4 Oh, let us strive, then, to work with a will; Soon he will come and his promise fulfill; Ever be ready his summons to hear: We shall be like him when he shall appear.—REF.</p>
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ST. ANATOLIUS.

A. H. BROWN.

1. The day is past and o - ver: All thanks, O Lord, to thee;

We pray thee now that sin - less The hours of dark may be.

O Je - sus, keep us in thy sight, And save us through the coming night.

- 2 The joys of day are over:
 We lift our hearts to thee,
 And ask thee that offenceless
 The hours of dark may be.
 O Jesus, make their darkness light,
 And save us through the coming night.
- 3 The toils of day are over:
 We raise our hymn to thee,
 And ask that free from peril
 The hours of dark may be.
 O Jesus, keep us in thy sight,
 And guard us through the coming night.
- 4 Be thou our souls' preserver,
 O God, for thou dost know
 How many are the perils
 Through which we have to go.
 O loving Jesus, hear our call,
 And guard and save us from them all.

Rev. H. F. LYTE.

Wm. H. MONK.



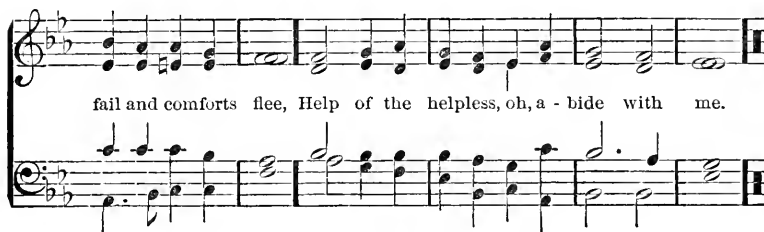
1. A - bide with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark-ness



deep - ens: Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers



fail and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, oh, a - bide with me.



- 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see:
O thou who changest not, abide with me.
- 3 I need thy presence every passing hour:
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.
- 4 I fear no foe with thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still if thou abide with me.
- 5 Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

Fading, still Fading!

1. Fad - ing, still fad - ing! The last beam is shining; Fa - ther in
 2. Fa - ther in hea - ven, oh hear when we call— Hear, for Christ's

heaven, the day is de - clin - ing: Safe - ty and in - no - cence
 sake, who is Sa - viour of all: Fee - ble and faint - ing, we

fly with the light; Temp - ta - tion and danger walk forth with the night.
 trust in thy might; In doubt - ing and darkness thy love be our light.

From the fall of the shade till the morn - ing bells chime,
 Let us sleep on thy breast while the night - ta - per burns—

Shield me from dan - ger, save me from crime. Fa - ther, have mer - cy,
 Wake in thine arms when morn - ing re - turns. Fa - ther, have mer - cy,

Fading, still Fading!—Concluded.

Fa - ther, have mer - cy, Fa - ther, have mer - cy thro' Jesus Christ our Lord.

247 Saviour, again to thy Dear Name.

JOHN ELLERTON.

E. J. HOPKINS.

1. Sa - viour, a - gain to thy dear name we raise, With one ac -
 2. Grant us thy peace up - on our homeward way; With thee be -
cres - -

f
cen - - - do.
 cord, our part - ing hymn of praise; We stand to bless thee
 gan, with thee shall end, the day; Guard thou the lips from

dim - - in - - u - en - do.
 ere our worship cease, And, humbly bow - ing, wait thy word of peace.
 sin, the hearts from shame, That in this house have called up-on thy name.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>3 Grant us thy peace, Lord, through the coming night;
 Turn thou for us its darkness into light;
 From harm and danger keep thy children free,
 For dark and light are both alike to thee.</p> | <p>4 Grant us thy peace throughout our earthly life—
 Our balm in sorrow and our stay in strife;
 Then, when thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
 Call us, O Lord, to thine eternal peace.</p> |
|---|--|

Rev. S. BARING-GOULD.

J. BARNBY.

1. Now the day is o - ver; Night is draw - ing nigh;

Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky. A - men.
evening Steal a - cross the sky.

2 Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close!

3 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure and fresh and sinless
In thy holy eyes.

249

HURSLEY. L. M.

- 1 SUN of my Soul, thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near:
Oh may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.
- 2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, "How sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast!"
- 3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.
- 4 If some poor wandering child of thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin:
Let him no more lie down in sin.
- 5 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till, in the ocean of thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

John Keble.

250

Tune.—GREENVILLE. 8s, 7s & 4.

- 1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
Oh refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness.
- 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence
With us evermore be found!
- 3 So, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day!

W. Shirley.



1. Oh, come, let us sing un- to the Lord; || let us heartily rejoice in the strength of our sal- vation.



2. Let us come before his presence with thanks- — giving, || and show ourselves glad in him with psalms.

3 For the Lord is a | great — | God, || and a great | King " a- | bove " all | gods.

4 In his hands are all the corners | of " the | earth, || and the strength of the | hills " is | his — | also.

5 The sea is his, | and " he | made it; || and his hands pre- | pared " the | dry — | land.

6 Oh, come, let us worship | and " fall | down || and kneel be- | fore " the | Lord " our | Maker.

7 For he is the | Lord " our | God, || and we are the people of his pasture, | and " the | sheep " of his | hand.

8 Oh, worship the Lord in the | beauty " of | holiness; || let the whole earth | stand " in | awe " of | him.

9 For he cometh, for he cometh to | judge " the | earth, || and with righteousness to judge the world, and the | peo - ple | with " his | truth.

10 Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, || and | to the | Holy | Ghost;

11 As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever " shall | be, || world | without | end. A- | men.

Psalm xxiii.

Dr. MASON.

1. The Lord is my shepherd: I | shall not | want. ||

2. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he
leadeth me beside the still | wa- — | ters. || A- | men.

3 He re- | storeth my | soul; ||

4 He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his | name's — | sake.

5 Yea though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will | fear no |
evil: ||

6 For thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they | comfort | me.

7 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine | ene- | mies, ||

8 Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup | runneth | over.

9 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the | days of my | life, ||

10 And I will dwell in the house of the | Lord for | ever. || A- | men.

Matt. v.

GREGORIAN.

1. Our Father who art in heaven, | hallowed | be thy | name; ||

Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on . . . | earth as it | is in | heaven.

2 Give us this | day our — | daily | bread; ||

And forgive us our debts, as | we for- | give our | debtors.

3 And lead us not into temptation, but de- | liver | us from | evil; ||

For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for | ever. |
A- — | men.

Psalm cxxxvi.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

*Solo, or Semi-Chorus.***1st response.* CHORUS.

1. O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good; For his mercy en-dur - eth for ev - er.

*Solo, or Semi-Chorus.***2d response.*

CHORUS.

ALL.

2. O give thanks unto the God of gods; For his mercy endureth for ever. A - men.

- 3 O give thanks unto the Lord of lords;
 4 To him who alone doeth great wonders;
 5 To him that by wisdom made the heavens;
 6 To him that stretched out the earth above the waters;
 7 To him that made great lights;
 8 The sun to rule by day; the moon and stars to rule by night;
 9 Who remembered us in our low estate;
 10 And hath redeemed us from our enemies;
 11 Who giveth food to all flesh;
 12 O give thanks unto the God of heaven;

- CHO. For his mercy endureth for ever.
 CHO. For his mercy endureth for ever.
 CHO. For his mercy endureth for ever.
 CHO. For his mercy endureth for ever.
 CHO. For his mercy endureth for ever.
 CHO. For his mercy endureth for ever.
 CHO. For his mercy endureth for ever.
 CHO. For his mercy endureth for ever.
 CHO. For his mercy endureth for ever.
 Amen.

* By teacher or teachers. The responses by the scholars.

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Ps. cxxi.

1. I will lift up mine eyes | unto the hills from whence | cometh my help. || 2. My help cometh | from the Lord | which made . | heaven and | earth.

- 3 He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee | will not | slumber.
 4 Behold, he that keepeth Israel, shall not | slumber nor | sleep.
 5 The Lord is thy keeper; the Lord is thy shade upon thy | right — | hand.
 6 The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the | moon by | night.
 7 The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall pre- | serve thy | soul.
 8 The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and thy coming in, from this time forth, and even for evermore. | A— | men.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.



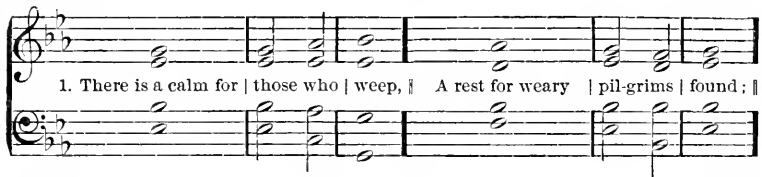
- 1 "THY will be | done!" || In devious
way
The hurrying streams of | life may |
run; ||
Yet still our grateful hearts shall
say, |
"Thy will be | done!"
- 2 "Thy will be | done!" || If o'er us
shine
A gladdening and a | prosperous | sun, ||
Close by repeating the first two measures, "Thy will be done!"
- This prayer will make it more di-
vine: |
"Thy will be | done!"
- 3 "Thy will be | done!" || Though
shrouded o'er
Our | path with | gloom, || one comfort,
one, |
Is ours: to breathe, while we adore, |
"Thy will be | done!"

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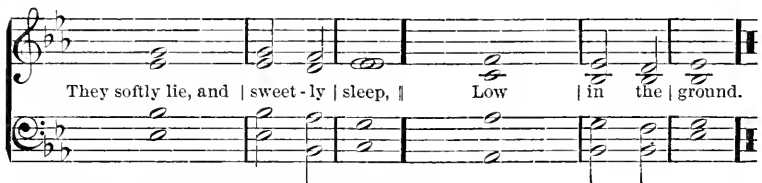
Troyte's Chant.

MONTGOMERY.

A. H. D. TROYTE.



1. There is a calm for | those who | weep, || A rest for weary | pil-grims | found; ||



They softly lie, and | sweet - ly | sleep, || Low | in the | ground.

- 2 The storm that sweeps the | wintry |
sky [pose]
No more disturbs their | deep re-
Than summer evening's | latest | sigh
That | shuts the | rose.
- 3 Then, traveler in the | vale of | tears
To realms of ever- | lasting | light,
Through time's dark wilder- | ness of |
Pur- | sue thy | flight. [years.]
- 4 Thy soul, renewed by | grace di- | vine,
In God's own image, | freed from |
clay, [shine]
In heaven's eternal | sphere shall |
A | star of | day.
- 258
- 1 GOD of my life, thy | boundless | grace
Chose, pardoned and a- | dopted |
me;
My Rest, my Home, my | Dwelling- |
place,
Father, I | come to | thee.
- 2 Jesus, my Hope, my | Rock, my |
Shield, [me]
Whose precious blood was | shed for |
Into thy hands my | soul I | yield,
Saviour, I | come to | thee.
- Charlotte Elliott, 1841.*

DOXOLOGIES.

- 1** L. M.
PRAISE God, from whom all blessings
 flow ;
Praise him, all creatures here below ;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host ;
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.
- 2** C. M.
 To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
 One God whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
 And shall be evermore.
- 3** S. M.
YE angels round the throne,
 And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, praise the Son,
 And bless the Spirit too.
- 4** 7s.
 HOLY Father, Holy Son,
 Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Praise and glory be to thee
 Now and through eternity.
- 5** 7s & 6s.
FATHER, Son and Holy Ghost,
 One God whom we adore,
Join we with the heavenly host
 To praise thee evermore ;
Live, by heaven and earth adored,
 Three in One and One in Three,
Holy, holy, holy Lord !
 All glory be to thee.
- 6** 8s & 7s.
PRAISE the Father, earth and heaven ;
 Praise the Son, the Spirit praise ;
As it was, and is, be given
 Glory through eternal days.
- 7** 8s, 7s & 4.
GREAT Jehovah ! we adore thee,
 God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, joined in glory
 On the same eternal throne ;
 Endless praises
 To Jehovah, Three in One.
- 8** L. P. M.
Now to the great and sacred Three,
The Father, Son and Spirit, be
 Eternal praise and glory given
Through all the worlds where God is
 known,
By all the angels near the throne,
 And all the saints in earth and heaven.
- 9** 11s.
O FATHER almighty ! to thee be ad-
 dressed,
With Christ and the Spirit, one God ever
 blest,
All glory and worship, from earth and
 from heaven,
As was, and is now, and shall ever be
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